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613

THE SON OF THE STORM,

A TALE.

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BY HENRY SIDDONS.

" Perituræ parcite Chartæ."

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

613

TO

B. C. GRIFFINHOOFE, Esq.

Accept this trifling offering from an old schoolfellow—from one who has had the firmest conviction of your many excellent and manly qualities from the days of childhood, to the present period. I wish the contents of these volumes were better calculated to do honour to the Patron I have selected; but you will, I am sure, take the will for the deed, and allow me to subscribe myself your most incere, and greatly obliged friend,

HENRY SIDDONS.

of Montcastle, who with his daughter, and sister in law, the Honourable Mrs. Scudamore, were to pay them a visit previous to the departure of the Earl's second son, Captain Charles Woodville, who was about to join his regiment, recently ordered to prepare for a secret expedition.

To this young gentleman, the only daughter of the Duke of Montcastle had long been destined. Lord Deloraine, who included the virtue of punctuality in his code of moral obligations, was pacing the room in a fretful manner, and looking every two minutes and a half at the gold repeater which he held in his hand. The Countess, busily employed in reading a new Novel, wherein slander had whispered, that many of her fashionable acquaintance were severely satirised, had not perceived that it was already,

past

past the usual hour of dinner being placed upon the table.

Lady Louisa was earnestly engaged on a piece of fashionable Carpet-work, whilst Lady Harriot amused herself in inventing an hundred good-natured excuses for the delay of the expected party Woodville was gone to meet. Finding her efforts not of much avail she strolled down the avenue in hopes of encountering the unpunctual visitants.

The surprise of the whole party was not a little excited, when instead of arriving in a carriage, accompanied with a numerous retinue (as the Duke always travelled in great style) they observed Lady Susan laughing immoderately, as she hung on the arm of a tall youth, whom they did not remember to have ever seen before, whilst the Duke and Captain Woodville were assisting Mrs. Scan-

damore as she slowly hobbled along. The Earl of Delorane in the genuine spirit of good old English hospitality, stood ready to welcome them on the steps of his stately mansion. No sooner were they ushered into the presence of the Countess and her family, than a thousand questions assailed their ears on every side. Each person being eager to learn the reason of the strange appearance they presented.

As soon as she recovered breath Lady Susan was preparing to give the demanded explanation, when the tall youth who accompanied her, declared *he* would be the narrator, and although the hero of his own tale, trusted they would not set him down for an Egotist.

Before his story commences, we must beg leave to *introduce* this young gentleman to the acquaintance of our readers—

a ceremony the Duke was obliged to go through, before his history began, as though a very old friend of every body present, he was grown so out of knowledge, it was with difficulty that some of them could recognise his person, or his features.

Sir Arthur Conyers, a handsome, manly youth, fifteen years of age, was the grand nephew of the late Dutchess, as also of Mrs. Scudamore, her Graces sister. His father had lost his life in the performance of an act of humanity; the house being on fire, and all his family awakened except an old man of seventy years of age, (who had fulfilled the duties of a Steward, with zeal, affection, and fidelity,) Sir Edward resolved to save his grey headed domestic, and unknown to his agitated wife, rushed into the chamber of the veteran, and in that pious office perished with the object of his care. The smoul-

smouldering flame and rolling smoke suddenly choaked the door through which he entered. The unhappy mother after this agitation only lived to give being to Sir Arthur, who thus at his birth became a Baronet and an Orphan.

He was placed under the guardianship of the Duke, and Doctor Glynne—a most worthy character, by whose direction he was placed at Westminster school, possessed of fine abilities, quick penetration, and exquisit sensibility; he was a very great favourite with all who knew him. When introduced to the circle I have just mentioned, they had lost all traces of the lively curly headed boy, in the manly looking youth who stood before them. After a nod and a smile to each one present, he thus began his narrative.

" It was Easter d'ye see—so having no ambition to pore away the holidays at Madam Williams's, and never standing shilly

shilly shally, about formal invitations, as I am pretty sure that I shall be wellcome wherever I go!—so I ordered a chaise and four—away we go bowl—dash it—crack—smack—little Dick, Bob and myself—yeo ho for guardys! when to my surprise, servant tells me his Grace had tipped me the go-bye—well, what does I do? I takes Bobs horse—blood to the bone—warranted—a tight thing—Grandson to Eclipse—away we flew—shewed best paces—gave him his head—he darted like an arrow—flew over hedges—leaped dykes, ditches, trees, and pig-troughs!—in a jiffy I got within a mile and a half of this——"

"*Two* miles—two miles Sir Arthur," cried Mrs. Scudamore—"as my rheumatism can testify."

"Well—well—it *might* be two—all's one for that:"—as I was saying—"smack

I went—neck or nothing—horse stoped at a stile—touched him in the flank with spurs—he jumps over—bang comes I against something in the road—what d'ye think it was? shew your nouse—guess?—can't;—thought so!—why 'twas a sociable broke down—company upset—lost in a cloud of dust—should never have found out who they were—but Susan tipped a laugh, and aunt Anne hey! hemmed! a cough: I jumps off—helps the servants—takes out aunt Anne—E'cod her two legs were stuck into the spokes of the wheels just like pegs in a cribbage board—thought I should have died with laughing—and the more aunty sputtered, the more I giggled—looked at sociable—bad work!—axle-tree smashed—so we were forced to finish our journey on *Mr. Shankey's* stud—our walking machines."

After having concluded this recital, which he had worded after the jargon of

modern

modern pretenders to fashion, he asked Mrs. Scudamore, with a provoking titter on his countenance, "*how she felt her legs?*"

The good lady was just then in the act of consulting the Earl concerning the best remedy for a sprained ancle: a servant at that moment announced Doctor Glynne. The whole company testified the most agreeable emotion at the arrival of this amiable and respectable gentleman.

Sir Arthur declared that he was arrived quite *apropos* to assist at the consultation, and advised aunt Anne to indulge the Doctor with a téte-a-téte, as she might not feel inclined to indulge the rest of the company with a squint at her ancles, which he *assured* the worthy man were naturally slim, taper, and slender, though they looked a little *gummy* at present.

"Pray

"Pray Sir Arthur! let me speak for myself," cried she, in a pettish tone, for she did not feel pleased at being quizzed before the Doctor, who could scarce keep his countenance.

The entrance of a servant to announce dinner, put a period to the waggeries of the the youthful Barronet, who was always ready for a joke.

The Countess with a smile led young Arthur to the dining-room, and there placed him at her left hand, reminding him, that such had been his station, when only eight years old.

Sir Arthur was so much delighted at this mark of attention in the Countess, that she declared the seat should always be considered as belonging to him whenever he favoured her with his company.

The

The dinner passed in great state; as the Duke and Countess both of the old school, were always remarkably ceremonious at table: in the middle of a pompous disertation on the political news of the day, young Conyers suddenly recollecting himself, asked after uncle John?

" Oh! Aye! very true," said the Countess, " we expected the honour of his lordships company, as we received no *answer* from him." The Duke appeared rather uneasy, and whispered the Countess, that when the servants were retired he would account for his lordship's non-appearance.

No sooner was the desert placed on the table than he addressed the Earl to the following effect:—

" When I received your lordship's letter, I read that part of it to my brother, in

in which you did him the honour of including him in your invitation; saluting him by the title of your dear and amiable friend. " When I am asked by my own name, which I've done nothing to disgrace, I'll go; I thought Deloraine had more understanding than to address John O'Carrol, as if he were writing to a *sentimental Miss*—psha! psha!"—He then went off into one of his low spirited absent fits, and steadfastly refused to accompany us, so I sent for Helen Tracy to amuse him, and by his own desire Mr. Tempest also remained—I should have made these excuses before, but really our accident had so totally deranged me, that the circumstance had positively escaped me."

As soon as the Duke had finished speaking Sir Arthur arose, and making an apology for quitting the room, whispered Lady Susan as he passed her chair, and vanished

vanished out of sight with the agility of a roe-buck.

"Now what mischief has that Pickle got into his head!"—exclaimed Doctor Glynne,—"there is always something in the wind, when you two *whisper!* If you dont take good care Captain Woodville, Sir Arthur will supplant you!"

"Faith Doctor you are in the right, so to prevent any accident, I shall appoint him guardian of my treasure in my absence—then you know he must *guard* the sheep and not turn *wolf*."

The ladies now retired to the Drawing-room, where they were soon joined by the gentlemen. The younger part of the company were retired into the music room, and listening to a concerto on the piano, most miserably murdered by Lady Louisa, whilst Lady Susan and Captain Woodville

Woodville seated on a sofa, which filled up the space of a bow window, were engaged in deep conversation: the sudden sound of three loud cheers in the hall made them all hury to the top of the staircase, where they beheld Lord John O'Carrol, with Sir Arthur on one side, and Helen Tracy on the other, slowly ascending, with Mr. Tempest following.

Lord John, when he entered the room, shook hands with the young people, and bowed to the Countess; then taking a chair, placed it close to the fire, on which he gazed, in a sort of abstracted reverie, which made him appear to have forgotten that there was any one living creature in the room.

The sudden arrival of Lord John, had been effected by the excessive goodnature of Sir Arthur: this youth was so doated on by all the domestics of the family

mily, that at his particular request, they had instantly attached four horses to the Earls chariot, in which he drove to Lord John's house, and being so great a favorite easily prevailed on him to return with him; when placing his lordship, Miss Tracy, and the Reverend Henry Tempest in the carriage, he himself quickly mounted the dickey-box, accompanied by Ben, a favorite servant, who never quitted Lord John.

As soon as the company had taken their tea, the Countess formed a party at whist, consisting of the Duke, Mrs. Scudamore, Doctor Glynne, and herself. The Earl, whose dislike to the very *shadow* of gaming was invincible, drew his own chair near that of Lord John; and the young folks, assisted by Mr. Tempest, amused themselves by singing glees and dancing *reels*.

Lord Deloraine, had been for some time holding a long discourse with Lord John, and was now waiting an answer to an observation he had just made, when he found to his mortification, that all his sweets had been wasted on a desart air; not *one word* had Lord John heard—they gazed at each other with that aukward, vacant look, which all have witnessed, but none can describe, save those who have been condemned to the cruel punishment of listening to an uninteresting narrative of four hours length. Lord John floundered, coughed, hemmed, but finding that he could not extricate himself from a situation, at once ludicrous and embarrassing—made use of his usual peevish—pshaw!—and without any further apology declared he would *go to bed.* He then quitted the staring Earl; and striding into the music room requested Mr. Tempest would attend him. This young man, who happened to be dancing with

Lady

Lady Harriot, instantly quitted his lovely partner and complied. When he returned he found Helen Tracy amusing the company at what she called *Music and Magic*. Having prolonged their amusements until a late hour, the Earl summoned their attendance to a Sandwich supper—such being all he ever permitted in his house. This light meal concluded, they severally retired to their respective apartments.

When they were assembled in the breakfast room the next morning, Sir Arthur exacted a promise, that they would all accompany him to a fair, which was to be held at a neighbouring town, on that day. The penetrating young Baronet observed that Lady Deloraine was continually adverting to the departure of Captain Woodville, a circumstance which threw a gloom over the countenances of all present.

Come—

" Come—come—enough of disimals!" exclaimed the lively youth " they neither suit *my* phiz or *yours* Susan—let us prepare for the fair."

This proposal was accepted, and now, while the ladies are paying their adorations, to those bright divinities which reside in their looking glasses, I shall endeavour to account for Lady Susan's unusual dejection.

CHAPTER II.

SIR Arthur Conyers, ever a ready volunteer in the service of the social charities, had proposed the jaunt to the fair, at the instigation of Captain Woodville; that young gentleman thinking, it might divert the mind from dwelling too painfully, on the separation which was to take place on the ensuing day. Lady Susan, though naturally of a lively volatile temper, in her general character bore a strong resemblance to most of those persons

sons, whose spirits are at times apt to be over buoyant, but who are subject to an equivalent depression of the mental energies. Tenderly attached to Woodville from her childhood, and ardently beloved by him in return, they had by the consent of all parties, been solemnly plighted—irrevocably pledged to each other. To the superficial glance of the common observer, vast and immeasurable plains of smiling prosperity were extended to their raptured vision—but far, far different was the sad reality!!—with all the *essentials* of pure and genuine felicity within their grasp, they were removed from happiness by long, by painful gradations! beautiful in person, adorned with talents, refined in manners, *she* had *one* fault.

Amiably enviable indeed must that female be (some of my youthful readers will here perhaps exclaim) whose estimable qualifications are merely clouded with

with a solitary failing! yet my young friends there may be *some* errors, which like baleful, poisonous weeds will circle round the fairest flowers, till they have laid them level as themselves, and choaked their freshness and their fragrance in the withering embrace! of such a nature was the single, but too sensible blot which marred the fair page that held the records of poor Susan's virtues!

Her father, in early youth, had placed her at a fashionable boarding school—a seminary of the first respectability, as far as it depended on the personage who had the superintendence of it, and who certainly could not *chuse* the dispositions of her pupils.

Far be it from these pages, to imply the least *slur* on those accomplished females, who devote their talents and their time, (frequently with the most gra-

gratifying

gratifying success) to the formation of the valuable wife, the estimable mother! It would be as unjust to upbraid such ladies with their failures, as it would be absurd to tax the husbandman, when depositing the golden grain into the furrow because his art cannot

> "Tell which seed *will* grow, and which will *not*,"
>
> SHAKESPEAR.

In this mansion, however, where the ductile, pliant mind received its first impressions, did Lady Susan form, what is *called*, a *friendship*, with a young West Indian a very few years older than herself.

This girl with a shewy person, and a truly dazzling attraction of manners, possessed a *heart* and *mind* replete with deception, and the most extravagant and dissipated notions. Over the mind of Lady

Lady Susan she had gained the most dangerous influence, the ill effects of which, however, were somewhat obviated by her leaving school, to be united to a man more than old enough to be her father, and to whom, by her *wise* parent she had been destined from her birth. Mrs. Scudamore on the death of her sister, Lady Conyers, at the request of the Duke of Montcastle came to reside at his house. Lady Susan had then attained her fifteenth year, and it was judged expedient that she should be recalled from school.

She had about this time received many pressing invitations from her friend Mrs. Harcourt, entreating her to pay a visit of two months to an old school fellow. The Duke, who intended to pass *this time* from the family mansion, unluckily consented. In this fatal visit the seeds of a most baleful propensity were sown in the

the basom of poor Lady Susan; at the house of this disipated West Indian, she contracted a strong inclination for gaming, which was so stimulated by her false friend, that what had been commenced by *persuasion*, was pursued with *passion*, and continued with an avidity which threatened to destroy as fair a work as ever issued from the forming hands of a liberal and all powerful Creator!

Allured at first by the encomiums bestowed upon her by Mrs. Harcourt, for her facility in such games as allow the understanding *some* share, she next ventured to assay those, which reducing a rational being to the deplorable condition of an *automaton*, can only be follwed from the impulse of two motives equally contemptible, avarice in our *own* feelings, and a cruel gratification which can only be attained at the expence of the happiness of

of *others*. The selfsame influence which Mrs. Harcourt had formerly obtained over her too easy friend in the character of a school girl, was now exerted to draw her into a participation of follies, such as she thought would be countenanced, when practiced by elegance, taste, and understanding, all which were conspicuous in Lady Susan. To these motives were superadded, that of the attraction which the *beauty* of her guest would be likely to prove, to such of the gay young Idlers of the town, who sick of her own noisy qualities, and the sullen humours of her husband, began to feel a sort of shyness at playing in a house where there was a moral certainty of paying so very dearly for their entertainment.

Mrs. Harcourt and her friend were widely distinguished by the blind goddess who resides at fashionable gaming-

tables—the first being a frequent gainer, and the last an invariable loser.

At the expiration of her two months residence in the Metropolis, Lady Susan had so deeply entangled herself with *debts of honour*, that, though disgusted at the mode of life she was pursuing, she trembled at the bare idea of returning to her father's house, where she feared that the penetrating segacity of her aunt Scudamore might dive into her secret; a secret which divulged, would, she well knew, induce the Earl of Deloraine to withdraw his sanction from her intended marriage with his son.

We had previous occasion to remark, that this nobleman considered *gaming*, as one of the most dangerous depravities in the catalogue of human infirmities. It was not, therefore, reasonable to imagine,

that

that he would allow his son Charles to unite himself by indissoluble bands to a female so strongly tinctured with a vice for which he entertained so unconquerable an abhorrence.

Experience had likewise taught the Earl, that though some vices may be redeemed by their contrasting virtues, gaming was not in the selected number. He regarded this error as he considered the picture of sin, so forcibly deliniated by the pen of our great English Epic poet:—

"Fair in feature, but concealing the yelling "hounds, of Murder, Rapine, and the more dread-"ful friend of Suicide."

Jaded in spirit, in mind distracted, the unhappy victim sometimes thought of making known her situation to the Duke her father; but recollection soon

 told

told her, that he had often declared the annual stipend he allowed her fully adequate to the circumstances of his rank, and that if what she possessed as a single woman, and the daughter of a Duke, did not accord with her own notions of the subject, she had much better give up all thoughts of a matrimonial connection: for that she would find œconomy the queen of the domestic virtues.

Thus precluded from a confidence in her father, she fixed her next hope upon Lord John O'Carrol, but the eccentricity of his mind and manners, put these visionary schemes to flight the moment they arose.

Her necessities had indeed, at times been relieved, in a way for which she found it impossible to account. In moments of the most excruciating difficulty and distress,

tress, when her mind was exhausted by the accumulating horrours of shame and despair—when she knew not how to discharge the thronging debts that pressed upon her, an *anonymous* hand had conveyed to her the providential and unhoped for relief. Such temporary aids however fell *far short* of her necessities.

During her residence with Mrs. Harcourt, she had been overpersuaded to have recourse to one of the twelve tribes of Israel, who supplyed her with ready money to clear off her incumbrances, but at an interest so exorbitant that it swallowed up her annual allowance. Her stay at home was rendered still more irksome by an epistle from her female tempter, complaining of a long run of ill luck, and most *pathetically* entreating a loan of fifty pounds. Of her husband, she declared, she dared not ask such a favour,

he being grown more ill tempered and perverse then ever.

Unable to refuse a request to one who (spite of all her faults) the credulous Susan believed affectionately attached to *her*, she knew not how to resolve.

To advance the money *herself* was a total impossibility.

After much resolving and rumination, she could hit on no expedient so feasible, as that of attempting to borrow the stipulated sum from her young Cousin, Sir Arthur Conyers, who had still evinced the warmest affection and cordiality towards her.

The unbounded fondness and partiality of Doctor Glynne, had always furnished the young gentleman with a greater portion

tion of pocket money then was perhaps quite consistent with prudence, but he knew that the benevolent principles which governed the heart of his charge, would prevent him from making any improper use of his bounty, in this respect. In the arrangement of pecuniary matters the Duke of Montcastle made a point of never interfering, contenting himself with introducing the youthful Baronet into the best company, and rigidly conforming himself to the sentiments and opinions of Doctor Glynne in every other particular; wisely judging, that he who had the care of forming the morals, had the best right to preside over the pleasures of his pupil. Notwithstanding this forbearance, the Duke was ever warmly interested for the welfare of his ward, whom the Dutchess had fondly loved, and recommended to him in the tenderest terms, but the fact was, that his Grace from a naturally indo-

lent disposition, was totally ignorant of all kinds of business. Sir Arthur was one of those generous plants who only thrive by the chearing warmth reflected from the objects that surrounded him. There was not in the wide circle of existence a fellow being for whose happiness he could have felt indifference, however remote in fortune, cirsumstances, or situation: It may be easily imagined, therefore, that he was in the greatest raptures, at the bare idea of rendering a service to his darling cousin, whom he had loved with a truly fraternal affection, even from the days of infancy—he thus cheared her agitated mind:—

"Nay, nay—never pout Susan—dry your eyes my jolly fellow—I'll nick it—I'll do it—snug!—snug's the word—tell Guardy I want a bit of blood—a famous goer—touch him for fifty—when I've pocketed

pocketed the shiners, say I've changed my mind—can't refund—hay, Susan! Guardy laughs—*the business is over.* Come, come—chear up I tell you—pitch the dismals to *old* Harry—shake hands with *young* Charley—and then I have a plan to keep up your spirits."

Cheared by the volatile good humour of her cousin, Lady Susan rallied her fainting spirits, and in her present emergencies resolved to take time for calm reflection: she then, with a heart somewhat lighter from her late conversation, hastened to join the rest of the ladies, who had quitted the drawing room. The neighbouring fair exciting the attention and expectation of all parties, they were soon assisted into their carriages. The ride was short, and pleasant, and when they arrived at the town where this annual festival was held, it was proposed

to alight and divide into parties, for the sake of meeting afterwards and giving a separate account of their several adventures.

Captain Woodville and Lady Susan, absorbed in painful ruminations on their approaching separation, instead of entering immediately into the mirth and hurry of the scene, strolled round the place on which the Booths were erected, until their perambulation was impeded by a swarthy female, who earnestly entreated permission to tell them their fortunes.

Woodville thinking this Sybil might revive the drooping spirits of his fair companion, earnestly, though laughingly joined the petitionary vehemence of the *fair* Egyptian—the woman waited not for an answer, but assuming an air and visage of the most ridiculous sagacity was about to commence

commence her mystic revelations—when the oracle was *interrupted* by a loud fit of laughter, which threatened destruction to the lungs and sides of the person who gave vent to it. Woodville on turning round his head, immediately found that this mirthfull shout proceeded from Sir Arthur, who was now at his elbow, with tears in his eyes from the exertion he had just undergone. The Baronet, (as soon as he was able) informed them, that he had a devilish good plan in his head, for a little fun with Mrs. Scudamore—adding, that he had just been accosted by one of the lovely virgins from the land of Moses—that she was desirous of predicting his fortune, but that he had quizzed her, and told her, he was well acquainted with what was *past*, and as for what was to *come*, he believed he knew just as much as his olive coloured prophetess—she confessed that this remark was very

true, but whiningly importuned him to give her some money—" so e'gad I did" continued Sir Arthur, " on condition, that she left me directly and made an offer of telling Madam Scudamore *her* fortune—look, there they are—follow me Charley—come Susan—come puss—I'll shew you some gig—I'll quiz the Tabby—come along."

With these words he violently hurried them away to the spot where aunt Anne was gravely listening to a Gipsey, who as solemnly was predicting her speedy marriage with Doctor Glynne. Mrs. Scudamore endeavouring to conceal the simper which played upon her lip, bade the oracular lady proceed—the girl hardly able to keep her countenance, then told her the remaining portion of her destiny was so clouded, and obscured, that the stars could tell no more, she was, however,

allowed to inform her that the gentleman, being of a modest disposition, waited for some encouragement from her, before he would openly discover his real sentiments.

Mrs. Scudamore percieving the approach of the rest of the company, hastily dismissed the Gipsey, and proposed returning homewards, as she feared a shower. Credulity was one of the leading features in the character of aunt Anne: though she was fortified by a sufficient quantity of that suspicion, which attends elderly ladies, who have an objection to growing out of the days of girlship; she had, like the famous Grecian Hero, her vulnerable part. It was in the *heel* that Achilles was mortal, and Mrs. Scudamore was most defenceless through the *ear*, the compliment of a coxcomb was as fatal to the one, as the dart

dart of Paris was to the other, and with all her prudence, she was liable to be imposed on by any one who thought it worth his while to take the trouble of deceiving her.

Let it not be thought that any slur is here intended on the principles of single elderly ladies—it is to the vain antiquated flirt the satire is directed—its point would be broken were it aimed against the bosoms of the solitary—the unhappy—or the unassuming. She who pursues the noiseless tenor of a well spent life, in occupations that make her valuable to the world, and useful to her friends and connections, is, though single, of much more value to the social world than the married woman, who passes a life of unmeaning dissipation, and whose triumph, over what she pleases to *call* old maids, are but poor and insignificant, when they

have

have no basis for their structure, but a long list of unregarded claims, and duties unperformed. It is no merit to be a *wife*, though to be a *good* one is the greatest; and she who boasts of being a mother, unless she solemnly performs the sacred functions appertaining to the sacred character of parent, instead of a panygeric, only pronounces a lible on herself.

Mrs. Anne Scudamore was the eldest of the three daughters of the late Viscount Bruce—having the advantage of years over her sisters, she joined a good person to a plain face, but her sisters being the most celebrated beauties of the day, she sometimes came in for a portion of the compliments lavished on them occasionally in the newspapers, styling them the '*Sister Graces*,' or the '*lovely daughters of a certain Viscount*'. Being by no means diffident of her personal attractions, she

she could digest morsels of flattery without much attention to their qualities, or fineness, thus, what was the *foible* of youth, gradually grew into the *folly* of advanced life, and this vanity was kept alive by the adulation of a few venerable Peers, and superannuated yellow Admirals. In addition to which, her own maid kept her in continual good humour with herself, by declaring how much she gloried in the honour of attending the last surviving beauty of Bruce Castle; and yet in spight of this foolish vanity she was very far from being deficient in the article of understanding. She was a proof of one observation which daily experience will enable every lady, old or young to confirm, namely, " that moderate perfections, both of mind and person, *without* affectation, may render a female respectable, but, that with this quality, the most finished form, the most splendid

did abilities, are inadequate to preserve her from becoming contemptable and rediculous."

The whole company being assembled, they returned to their carriages, and proceeded homewards. As soon as they met in the drawing-room before dinner, Lord John began to distribute his fairings—little boxes with mottoes—party coloured ribbands—and smelling bottles: for each of these he demanded a kiss from the young lady, to whom the present was destined. This request was readily complied with—it was seldom that he was really chearful; and where is the callous heart that *could* quench the beam of solitary joy that animates the eye of melancnoly feeling? He grasped the hands of Lady Susan and Lady Harriot, as he exclaimed with a heartfelt sigh. "We only want *one* more person to make this

this a most charming groupe!" Quick as the lightening, Lady Harriot caught his meaning, and snatching her hand from him flew to her mother, to whom she made it her most earnest request that Laura Tempest should be invited. The Countess graciously consented, and desired that a letter of invitation might be immediately dispatched, and Mr. Tempest be prevailed on to bring his sister himself. It being now high time to introduce this brother and sister to the acquaintance of the reader, we shall commence our enquiry into the history of Lord John O'Carrol.

CHAPTER III.

THE father of the present Duke of Montcastle with his Dutchess, were in the habit of making periodical visits to Ireland; the reason was, that her Grace being heiress to an uncle of the name of O'Carrol, had inherited his immense property in that country. One of the conditions of the will, however, was that both his niece and her husband should adopt the name of the deceased. The Duke, although by no means devoid of those

those Chivalric ideas which are so strongly connected with the pride of birth and boast of ancestry, was yet too much a man of modern manners, to suffer a large Estate to go from his family rather than comply with a little caprice; added likewise to a consideration of self-interest, he felt every inclination to comply with the desires of his intended bride, the lovely Miss O'Carrol, who was the only daughter of Viscount Wycomb. Previous to their leaving England for an Hibernian expedition, they confided their eldest hope George, to the care of an old female relative, with the strictest injunctions to her, not to omit writing them a regular account of the boys health. Her Grace was anxiously awaiting her second confinement in Dublin, when a letter from Mrs. Brudenell, containing the most alarming accounts of the Marquis's health, threw both herself and husband into the

most

most violent despair. The Dutchess instantly announced her intentions of setting out for England. This measure, for two reasons, the Duke most vigorously opposed. He feared, that in her present condition, she might be a sacrifice to her maternal sensibility; and his second motive, was a conviction that if able to perform the journey, her presence might be of no avail, his letters having informed him that the boy was given up, though from the best motives he had concealed that distressing intelligence from his afflicted wife.

He conjured her not to add to the pungency of his present sorrow, by exposing her own dear life to danger and to hazard, adding, that robbed of her existence would be to him a burthen, he could not even make a struggle to preserve. To these arguments the Dutchess was deaf—her fever daily encreased, and

so

so greatly was the irritation of her nerves augmented by the opposition made to her wishes, that her medical attendants found themselves engaged by honour to declare, that the journey she was so eager to perform, could not be so prejudicial to her constitution as the constant denial of her daily, and earnest supplications.

Doating upon her to distraction, the heart of the Duke had bled in every vain, while he looked upon opposition to her wishes as a sacred and indispensible duty, but with this opinion of the faculty he might now venture to comply with her often repeated request, and immediately began to make every preparation for rendering her passage as little dangerous and incommodious as possible.

They set sail from Dublin with a fair wind, for Park-gate, the object of their solicitude being at that time at a little vill-

age,

age, a few miles distant from Bath. They had not been very long on board before the weather changed, a storm arose, and they were cruelly detained—the torments of their mind, agitated and sharpened by the agonies of suspense and terror, for the sea running mountains high, they were left to the protection of Providence, and the mercy of the fighting elements. The Duke's horrours may be conceived, when he gazed upon the pallid countenance—the suffering form of his beloved wife—exposed with the precious burthen she then bore, to such alarming dangers, and for the sake of a being, who might at that moment be rendering up its last breath, and thus making all the dreadful trials she was so patiently enduring of no avail! Ye who in the house of comfort and of affluence, have felt the throbbing fears, the chilling doubts, and all the nameless agonies of such a crisis! Ye can give the tribute of a tear to a husband

weeping

weeping to the roaring billow—sighing to the raving and inexorable storm!!

On the evening of the second day, when for a few hours, a hurricane had given way to a calm, the Dutchess was delivered of a fine boy. Born midst the hollow murmurs of the wind, the sighing spirit of the expiring storm, the first moments of the life of Lord John O'Carrol were at once prophetic of his character and his destiny. The father hailed this little pledge of Heavens relenting mildness with all a father's greatful extasy. He was baptised by his Grace's Chaplain, under the names of *John Oceanus*. The Dutchess, barely existing, continued in a state of insensibility during the remainder of this dreadful voyage. While the Duke assisted with his friend, and Reverend guide, in the most devout orisons to the almighty for the safety of his wife and child; they at length arrived at the

the destined port, when the Dutchess, helpless as her little baby, was conveyed to the nearest Inn. The anxious father delayed not a moment in sending off a, messenger, express, to bring him back the speediest intelligence concerning the health of his eldest boy, and had soon the satisfaction of straining him close to his heart, as he was delivered into his arms by Mrs. Brudenell, who came, back in person, with his speedy Mercury. What a moment of almost painful rapture for a mother—her eyes *first* opened on the darling for whose dear sake she had braved so many dangers, sought such numerous perils—the two babies were brought together—they smiled in each others face—seemed to congratulate each other on the mutual escape they had met with, one from a watery, the other from an earthly tomb! Oh, none!—none but a mother can form the big ideas that filled the mind of the Dutchess at a sight like this—

sensations so exquisitely fine—emotions that with such electric shocks vibrate on every rapture trembling nerve, are confined to mothers hearts alone: they are the rewards of a benevolent, a retributing God! they are the glorious emanations of that beneficent and all powerful being, who repays the virtuous sufferer ten-fold interest—like rays of light they pierce through the thick mists of human ignorance, and more than libraries of lettered lore, prove the existence of a vast Creator!!!

Peace of mind, and tranquility of heart, have often a more beneficient influence on the constitution, than the most celebrated specifics in the long catalogue of the Materia Medica. The Dutchess rapidly recovered, and was shortly after enabled to proceed to town with her two children.

613

From the moment Lord John was capable of comprehending the extraordinary circumstances which had attended his birth, and could understand the derivation of his second name of Oceanus, he seemed to consider the sea as his natural element, and declared an early intention of entering into the Navy. His fond father was long induced to flatter himself, that such a predilection was the mere effervescence of a boyish imagination, and indulged in a hope of conquering his propensity by time, and a rigid prohibition to all around him, against ever mentioning the sea before Lord John. The aversion of this tender parent may be readily accounted for: it was natural to him to dread that terrible element, which had so nearly robbed him of every blessing this world afforded, and he was convinced, that, while his son was entrusted to its dangerous changes, every feature of the sky, every blast of the wind, would

bring doubt, horrour, and anxiety to the bosoms of the fond anxious parents left on shore.

Far, however, from being diminished, the desire of Lord John seemed every day more strongly fortified by opposition, each following hour gave strength to the ardour of his wishes.

When he attained his eleventh year, and was capable of comprehending what was said to him, his fond anxious mother would tenderly express her alarms for his safety, and while the tear of soft maternal solicitude, trickled down her animated and expressive countenance, conjure him to reflect upon the dangers to which he might in future be exposed. The child would in these conversations use many arguments, which surprised, charmed, and affected her. He would sometimes thus address her:—

"You

"You have always told me, my dearest mother, that if people are good, God never quits them, but will follow them for ever; you have said that there is no place in the whole world, where God cannot come—why then can not he guard me as well by sea as by land?—he saved me when I was a little baby, and if I do not do any thing wicked he will keep me from harm when I am a great tall man—do my dear, dear, mother!—do let me go to sea!—you are always telling me that people of rank and fortune, when they are idle, are not so useful to the world, or so honourable to their families as hard working carpenters, or shoe-makers—if I do not go to sea I shall grow up an idle man, and you will be quite ashamed of me—I feel I am fit for nothing else—I am sure I could not make a good clergyman—if I am a soldier, you know I must fight and be killed *as well* as if I was a sailor—you say that storms and tempests are fright-

ful things—they will never frighten me—what should I be affraid of!—if the danger is ever so great, I shall know that *you* and my *dear* father are safe, and that will be enough—do now dear mother—do ask my father to let me be a sailor!"

The uncommon mixture of piety, filial affection, and dawning manly spirit of the child, would at these times draw tears of rapture from his astonished mother, and as she strained him to her swelling bosom, she would pacify the boy with a kind of half promise of compliance with his wishes.

Lord John was indisputably the favorite of his mother. She was of a heart properly tempered, nor had rank or disipation rendered her callous to the health or prosperity of either of her boys. Strict attention to her duties, therefore, had prevented a predilection in favour of the

one

one, from becoming in the slightest degree detrimental to the interests of the *other;* nor did the bias of her mind ever display itself by the most distant hint, or action before any one, who from that sycophantic adulation, which pervades ignoble minds, might fancy that in paying peculiar homage to one child, a parent can be secretly gratified, though the tribute is given at the expence of another, whom nature and humanity have bound to the heart by equal and indissoluble bonds, such partialities are the errors of gross, vulgar souls. The Dutchess soared above them; her concealed partiality for her youngest boy, rose from a pathetic recollection of the singular and providential events which had attended his birth. Nature had ushered him into a world of jars, and discords, with the voice of thunder, and the loud spirit of the Storm had sung his earliest lullaby. She could not help sometimes shuddering to think

think, that the tumultuous omens which had attended his BIRTH might be prophetic warnings of the destiny of his future LIFE, with these sad presentiments, the erring condition of human nature was surely pardonable, if the Dutchess felt an indescribable tenderness, a maternal heart yearning towards a child, who appeared from his birth to have been claimed as the adopted son of calamity.

It is sometimes the misfortune of a mother, to be so dotingly attached to a particular child, as to discover perfections in his mind and person, which baffle the efforts of every other person to develope. Maternal affection was in her instance founded on the steady basis of reason and propriety: there was really something in the manners of Lord John O'Carrol which could not fail to lay fast hold on the heart of every accurate observer of infantine manners. He was a year and a

a half younger than his brother, but still was somewhat taller, his person was well formed, and promised a symetry rather too much allied to the Herculean, but, the roughness of the exteriour was entirely concealed by a pair of blue eyes which would often sparkle with all the animated fire of feeling and sensibility. His manners had a rugged tincture, but guided by the exquisite emotions of a generous heart, he never was bold or obtruse. His veneration for truth was in his mind a native species of religion. From this steady principle he was never known to deviate—he never *embellished*—never equivocated—he would have ventured martyrdom to have preserved his once pledged word inviolable—his affirmation was an oath. He was eccentric, as he was amiable, this eccentricity grew with his years and strengthened with his strength, but his peculiarities never wantonly harrowed the feelings of his superiors,

riors, and to those below him, he was mild as the dews of Heaven. As our great national Poet has described one of his august heroes, I may with the pencil of truth venture to delineate mine.

> "He would not have flattered Neptune for his
> "*Trident*, or Jove for his *Thunder!*"
>
> SHAKESPEAR.

Having at length wrung their reluctant consent from his fond anxious parents, he was by them committed with many charges and careful precepts to the guidance of a tried and valued friend of the family, who after pledging himself to guard the boy with a parental solicitude, was shortly afterwards summoned to a station in the West Indies.

The young Hero had scarce attained his fifteenth year before he had been present in two actions. In one of these, where

where he had shewn a bravery and coolness, which augured his rising glories, and promised to rank him with the illustrious names of the naval ornaments of his country; he received a violent wound, which made it requisite for him to return to his paternal mansion for the completion of his cure.

Here he arrived just time enough to receive the last fond blessing of an expiring mother.

The filial agonies of his lacerated heart would mock the pathos of a Stern—the author of Le Fevre would have dropped his pen, and bedewed the page with tears!—tears such as those which fell from the eyes of his own recording angel. He now reproached himself with the slightest action of negligence and disobediance: he blamed his youthful obstinacy in adopting a line of life so opposite to the wishes

of the mild saint, who had been to him a guide—a friend—a mother! Every recollection which presented her smiling at his joys, weeping at his griefs, and chearing by her counsel, lacerated his pierced heart. He sometimes thought that her anxiety for his safety might have hastened her dissolution, and tended to wear out her delicate frame: this mournful idea shed the last drop of bitterness into the cup of affliction.

The sight of his father's grief also retarded his own recovery—he bemoaned the dead, but now found it necessary to rouse all the energies of his soul for the support, and consolation of the living.

His Grace was advised by his physician to try what the south of France might effect towards the re-establishment of his health, as they entertained the

usual hopes resulting from a change of scene and climate.

In pursuance of this counsel, as soon as his youngest son was capable of joining his ship, the Duke with his eldest hope set out for Montpelier.

An uncle of his Grace the Duke of Montcastle had been involved in the most terrible dissentions, and afflicted with the most heart rending torments by an unlucky marriage with a foreign lady. The difference of religion, a difference, by some modern philosophers held as light and inconsiderate, had formed the ground work for a world of misery, and altercation:—and here let reason ask a serious question.

If marriages are frequently delayed for the mere temporary disputes of selfish men—if political variances however slight

or insignificant, can impede the nuptial ceremony—if differences, which shrink to mole-hills, when examined by the eye of wisdom, retard the wheels of Hymen's Car—shall religion be esteemed a trifle! ill betide the selfish biggot who condemns every sect but his own, to the sentence of divine displeasure! Christian charity is wide enough to take the whole race of fellow men into its spreading circle; but let those of different faiths unite with each other. Are the parties really conscientious in the tenets they possess?—*yes*!—so much the worse; how shall they agree in the principles of their yet unenlightened offspring, whilst they themselves so widely differ in essentials? on the trivial casualties of life, complaisance and good humour may find a thousand topics for accordance, but on this sacred theme complasance and good humour should give way to conscience. To dwell longer on such a subject might be

useless,

useless, and must be tedious. Discord is the *seed*, quarrels and upbraidings are the bitter fruit. May persecution never more spread her baneful wings over the peaceful world, but let religion be one of the main articles, in which two young people about to be united should agree.

To an unhappy mariage of this sort, I repeat, the uncle of the Duke of Montcastle had fallen a melancholy victim; corroding cares, and sombre reflections, withered him in his prime, and undermined the stamina of a naturally strong constitution. The Duke had been his earliest, dearest favourite; they had loved each other with an inviolable attachment, and a promise from the one, had ever been esteemed the most sacred of obligations by the other. The dying old gentleman, anxious for the future felicity of the Duke and his family, had earnestly conjured his Grace as he valued the temporal

poral, and *eternal* felicity of his two sons, to forbid their marriage with any foreigner. The life of the expiring martyr had been so strong an example of the precept he was so anxious to enforce, that the survivor swore with earnestness, that he would treasure up his dying lesson in his memory, and lay his most solemn commands on his two boys to act in compliance with his wishes. He seized the fevered hand of his friend—it was cold—his eyes glared dimly on his nephew—he explained his last wish with an expressive sigh which seemed to say, " remember my warning," and expired.

His reasons seemed so cogent, that his grace had many motives for not neglecting to inform his two sons of their importance—nature—the authority of a parent—the sanguine disposition of an Englishman—a nobleman unwilling to confound the stream which had flown pure from

from the native source, since the days of the Norman conqueror—all these feelings coincided with the purport of the vows he had entered into.

This circumstance he had explained to his sons, with more energy of language than was habitual to his general character; he exacted from them both the stipulated promise, and charged them if they valued his blessing while on earth, or hoped for his quiet in the grave, to be rigorous in their adherence to the duty he had imposed upon them.

The wish of a beloved father, appeared to the then unimpassioned hearts of the youthful brothers perfectly reasonable, and dictated solely by an anxiety for their peace and happines. So easy is it for us to acquiesce in the justice of what does not immediately militate against our particular prospects and pursuits, but the moment

moment we enter into the formation of plans and schemes which may in the most distant degree be thwarted, or opposed; the identical arguments which before appeared sound, so cogent and unanswerable are overthrown by partial sophistry, or so *disfigured* by *selfish* philosophy, that they

> " —— like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> " Leave not a wrack behind."
>
> SHAKESPEAR'S *Tempest.*

If matured age is not proof against such caprices some allowance may be made for the inexperience of youth—at least we are willing to hope as much in behalf of the nobleman, who is the subject of our present contemplation; however, we sincerely promise, that no partiality shall divert us from a steady adherence to truth. In compliance with which social compact, we have to state, that Lord

Lord John returning home, after a six years absence from his native clime, appeared most particularly anxious to obliterate his father's ideas, and do away what he was now pleased to call, his national prejudices.

The Duke was sensitively alive to these distant hints and inuendoes, and his heart was seedily filled with the most racking doubts, the most alarming apprehensions. He well knew the effect of foreign manners on young men of Lord John O'Carrol's age, he was aware of the lax morality which had lately been imported from neighbouring nations—he doated on old English manners, and was a warm advocate for old English principles. To have a son of his infected with what he called a contagion, was worse to him than death, and when at times, he thought that absence from England might have so changed his principles,

principles, and shaken his duty, as to have induced him to form a connection he had sworn to avoid, his agonies were heightened almost to delireum. Tormented by these ideas he resolved to lose no time in letting his son know, that his sentiments on that particular subject, still remained fixed, firm, and immutable as the decrees of fate.

Impressed with this notion he summoned Lord John to his study—and then ordered his other boy to join the party. Fixing his eyes with tender grief, and affecting solemnity upon them, he told them—that he could not now go over the arguments he had so often urged before, but assured them *at once*, that, if either of them did—IN DIRECT OPPOSITION to his WISH and COMMANDS, form an ALLIANCE which had entailed a life of misery and wretchedness on one of the most amiable branches of the family—the relation their father

father loved—the man whose *memory* and *misfortunes* were ever *dear* to him, he should from that INSTANT banish the offender FOR EVER from his PRESENCE; adding, at the same time:—"I always considered the parent, who could solace his revenge by an *unqualified* CURSE upon the head of his child, as abandoned of his *own* Heavenly father, and marked like the murderous *Cain*, as an object to be shunned by all his fellow beings. No! no! my sons! I will never *curse* ye—but remember, and tremble to think, that by this act of disobedience, in banishing you from my sight I entail the heaviest malediction on my *own grey head!* Oh my boys! my boys!! my dear, dear, boys!! your presence alone confines your suffering father to the painful bond of fragile life—rob me not I entreat—I implore you! of the two sweet props of my declining years! your sainted mother—Oh, my sons! my sons! my sons!"

suffocated

Suffocated with a gushing torrent of tears, he fell into a chair, the two young noblemen knelt beside him—he hugged them ardently to his heart—a pause ensued—the scene was to much for the agitated Duke—he commanded them to leave the room, with a look of affection, but with an action of authority which they could not misunderstand, and dared not disobey.

A tranquil melancholy pervaded the features of the elder brother, when they quitted the appartment of their father—but the expressive face of Lord John was marked with traces of a more violent nature—they retired in silence to their own apartments.

Vain were the efforts of Lord John to conceal the vehemence of his imotions from the scrutinising, and keenly inquiring eyes of his brother—unaccustomed to any

any thing like disguise, or secrecy, he was totally unable to smother or disguise his feelings.

The Marquis for some time contemplated the agitated frame of his brother, with a mixed sentiment of pity, surprise, and curiosity—under these impressions he advanced, and attempted to grasp his hand—Lord John hastily snatched it away, and putting on a countenance of *unusual* sternness and severity, exclaimed.

" Brother! I see by your looks that you are now anxious to learn the present situation of my mind—to dive into the deepest recesses of my heart; but when I tell you, that you only rouse painful and mournful ideas there, I hope, and trust, that you will desist. I detest *half* confidence—I loath the arts of vile dissimulation—truth is the life blood of my heart; I would make my friend acquainted with *all*

all, or I would conceal *every thing* from his knowledge—you know my principles, and you likewise know, that with me, a resolution once formed is ever fixed immutably; urge me no further I beseech you then; had I a confidence to place which could afford pleasure to your mind, or minister comfort or relief to my own, after my creator, I would seek for consolation from my only brother—impute not, I beseech you, this reserve to a diminution of my friendship or affections—yet, as these ties ever *have* been dear to our youthful hearts—if you wish still to preserve them in all the purity of boyish sincerity, I implore you never again to touch upon the present mournful — painful subject!"

As he pronounced these last words he tenderly wrung the hand of his brother, and then wildly hurrying out of the room, left the youthful Marquis equally surprised

prised and affected, at the two scenes of which he had just been a witness.

During the short stay of Lord John with his family, he got sufficiently master of his emotions to be able to conceal his affliction from the observation of his father; but when the hour of separation arrived, the inward agonies of his soul burst forth, as the pent up thunders convulse the interior of mount Ætna. The violent separation of soul and body in the last struggles of expiring mortality, could not have presented a more painful scene, than the unhappy young nobleman then exhibited.

He had taken leave of the Marquis—a servant had informed him, that the chaise destined to convey him to Portsmouth, where his ship then lay, was already at the door—he changed his colour several

times—his heart beat quick—cold damps successively burst from his forehead. He advanced to the Duke, his tottering knees scarcely able to sustain their burthen; when the father extended his hand—instead of pressing it to his bosom, he sunk on his knee, and raising it to his eyes, shed a torrent of tears.

Never but once, since the days of extreme infancy, had Lord John ever evinced so great a testimony of weakness. At the death of his mother, only, had he been known to weep.

Should any persons consider Lord John as a sailor, and pronounce these tears as a blot upon his character—I can pity *them*, but I will not defend *him*.

The Duke much shocked, and surprised at this extraordinary mode of conduct

in

in his son, commanded him to rise and calm his agitated spirits. The deep fetched groans of Lord John buried his voice, and overwhelmed his admonition. The Duke with moistened eyes suffered him to await the moment when the full tempest of grief should give place to a more softened sorrow. The mind of this affectionate father sought in vain for a clue to this mysterious scene, and imagination was exhausted in the fruitless research. His boy full of the naval enthusiasm of his glorious country, had expressed on all former occasions the most animated rapture at the idea of a new expedition; to remain inactive at home had been to him a state of the most restless inquietude, and months thus lost, were in his account cut *uselessly* out from the wide space of human existance; how, then, was his present sorrow to be accounted for? such were the reflections of

his Grace when Lord John's servant entered the room, and bowing, informed his master that the chaise had been an hour at the door.

"I come," cried he, and waved his hand to the messenger to leave the room. He once more pressed the hand of his parent to his forehead, then rose, and covering his face with his handkerchief, in a voice hardly audible, implored his Grace to forget and forgive the strangeness of his conduct. He then violently embraced him, and hurried out of the room, but returning instantly, gazed wildly on his father as he exclaimed

"Oh, one more look!!"

Their eyes were rivited on each other. The Duke stretched out his hand—the

young

young man pressed it to his lips, then exclaiming,

"It is past!!"

closed the door as he vanished, with a violence which shook the whole house.

When his Grace recovered sufficient spirits to stagger to the window, he saw the chaise which held Lord John, driving furiously down the street. A prophetic gloom at that moment pervaded the faculties of the sorrowing father. "I shall see my boy no more!" sighed he, as a stream of tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. Too sadly true were his presentments: never more did Lord John gaze with filial reverence on that honoured face! He was shortly after attacked with the same malignant complaint, which had formerly driven him to the south

south of France. Enfeebled by sorrow for the loss of his amiable consort, his nerves were so relaxed, and his constitution so violently impaired, that he fell almost an unresisting victim to this cruel malady. So rapid was the disorder, that the same letter, brought Lord John (then lying off Madeira) an account of the illness, dissolution, and fervent blessing of this amiable, and deeply regreted nobleman. The same packet brought him, likewise, a lettter from the young Duke, containing an earnest request, that he would hasten to share his house, his fortunes, and his home, the moment the duties of his profession would admit of his absence. This parental epistle was answered with all becoming affection: at the expiration of two years, Lord John received another letter from his brother, informing him of the union of his Grace with the Honourable Miss Susan Scudamore

more, the youngest daughter of Viscount Bruce.

The young Duke was much surprised at the *silence* of Lord John, on a subject which he must have supposed most essentially connected with the happines of a brother, who had been dear to him from the first dawn of reason, but other occupations taking up the attention of the family; time glided rapidly away, and this apparent coldness was seldom made the subject of conversation.

One evening her Grace happened to be at a beautiful Villa she had purchased, near Twickenham. The Duke chanced that afternoon to be summoned to London, for the adjustment of some political concerns, in which he and his connexions were deeply engaged. He had arranged these matters to his satisfaction, and was

on the point of retiring to rest, when he was much surprised by the entrance of his servant, who announced, that a gentleman was eagerly desirous of speeking to him, on an affair of the utmost importance; he ordered the valet to introduce him—the gentleman made his appearance—it was the Reverend Mr. Tracey.

Mr. Tracey informed the Duke, that his brother was just arrived in England, having been sent home to recover his health, which had been violently menaced by the attacks of a dangerous fever.

Mr. Tracy delivered his narrative as follows:——

" Being at the Fountain Inn, at Portsmouth, when his lordship landed, and hearing that a sick officer was in the house, with

with none but servants to attend him; I began to meditate how I might contrive to visit, without offending him. Before I had time to digest any settled plan of operations, his servant knocked at the door of my apartment—I desired him to enter. He made many apologies, for what he termed his rudeness, but concluded by saying, that, understanding there was a clergyman in the house, he thought he might make so bold as to apply to him for advice. He then informed me that his master was delirious; that no persuasions could prevail on him to go to London, where he persisted in saying he *was*, at the present moment, and that his brother, with all the rest, was swallowed up in an earthquake. I asked him the name of the unfortunate gentleman; he told me, he was your Grace's younger brother, the Lord John O'Carrol.

With the consent of the man, I walked into his lordship's room; he was sitting in a listless posture, with pen, ink, and paper, before him; he continued writing at different intervals, and to my surprise the word *Earthquake!* was the only one which I could distinguish; but he seemed solicitous of varying that one word, into every different form, *caprice* or *fancy* could suggest—he looked in my face as I bent over his chair, but coolly saying—'Ha! I thought it was my brother George:'—hastily betook himself to his former occupation. I thought the best method I could pursue, would be to dispatch a special messenger to your Grace with an account of this extraordinary affair; but with a quickness peculiar to insanity, he started up, and vowed he would go to George, if George would not come to him. So positive did he remain on this new fancy, that finding opposition only

only served to irritate his complaint, I ordered out a chaise, and with his consent accompanied him to the Dover-street Hotel, where I have now left him, under the guard of two faithful servants, holding it my duty not to delay a moment in bringing the earliest intelligence to your Grace, of the unhappy condition of your amiable brother."

The Duke, though absorbed in the deepest melancholy at the lamentable intelligence, he had just heard, touching Lord John, was not so selfish in his sorrows, as not to express the warmest gratitude towards Mr. Tracey; returning him his heartfelt thanks, and ordering his gentleman, and one of his grooms, to attend him, he accompanied the worthy Clergyman to the mansion which contained his brother.

When they arrived at the Hotel, they were informed that the unfortunate man had at length fallen into a kind of feverish slumber; the Duke was conducted to the chamber where he lay; here he was much shocked at the visible alteration in the countenance of the interesting object which lay extended before him. After shedding a few tears, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, on which he pencilled a short note to Mr. Glynne, a young man of uncommon abilities, who had been his most favourite school fellow:—he urged his immediate presence and assistance, in the strongest terms, and dispatched the note by the groom, who received reiterated charges not to waste a moment in delivering it to Mr. Glynne, then on a visit at a friend's, a few miles from London.

This Mr. Glynne, was a gentleman of an illustrious family in Wales, fortune had seconded

seconded the advantages he derived from his birth, and the wealth he had inherited, was considerable. Being one of those who by no means considered money as a dispensation from the social charities of human life, he resolved by some method or other to render himself of service to the community, of which he constituted a part. A strong propensity to Botanical pursuits led the way to a consequent inclination towards the practice of Medicine. He determined to go through a regular course of those studies requisite for the character of an accomplished Physician, and though he resolved to take out his diploma in due course of time, at the period we are now noticing; he confined his practice chiefly to those whose humble situations in life could not afford the expences of one of the fashionable disciples of Æsculapius.

The habitations of the poor he attended without any hope of other fees, save the rich retributions of the blessing of the parent whose child he saved, or the tear of the wife for the preservation of her husband, on whose health depended the hard earned bread of an industrous family. To such, his purse, as well as his advice, was ever tendered with unsolicited benevolonce.

He lost not a single moment in obeying the summons of his noble friend, and arrived at the Hotel precisely at the termination of Lord John's slumber.

The moment his lordship awakened, he asked for the Clergyman who had brought him to Town. Mr. Tracey approached the invalid, who taking him kindly by the hand, returned him many thanks for his goodness, saying, at the same

same time, he believed he had been very unwell, but that he now felt himself considerably better, and begged to be allowed to go in search of his brother.

Hearing himself named, the Duke immediately entered the room, and placed himself by the sick mans bedside. Lord John expressed much pleasure at this—enquired affectionately after his wife, and declared that he would instantly rise, for the purpose of paying a visit to his sister in law, for that he must get out of London soon.

Mr. Glynne drew the Duke out of the room, and when they were in private, assured his Grace that the intellects of Lord John were impaired, but, that as change of place appeared his greatest desire at present, he wished to carry him to his own cottage in Wales, where he might have leisure

leisure to devote his whole time to his recovery.

The Duke sensibly affected at "the mournful wreck of splendid thought!" which had too evidently taken place in the mental system of his brother, returned Mr. Glynne the warmest acknowledgements, for the friendly considerativeness which so strongly characterised the advice he had given, and expressed the most anxious wish that his plans might be adopted.

As soon as Lord John, feeble and emaciated from the effects of his late violent indisposition, entered the breakfast room, where they were seated, the benevolent Glynne, after an artful turn of conversation, in which he expatiated on the beauties of the bold, and sublime scenery in Wales, took an opportunity of asking his

his new patient, if he would go with him and give his opinion of a small house, which he had lately purchased in one of the most beautiful situations of that romantic Country.

Lord John demanded, if the situation was a solitary one; being answered in the affirmative, with a languid smile he again asked if the Cottage commanded a view of the Ocean—a *charming* one was the reply—" I *will* go then," said he, then relapsing into silence and dejection, sarcely spoke another word, until Mr. Glynne's carriage arrived to convey them to the destined spot.

The parting of the two brothers was a tender one. Mr.. Tracey received many acknowledgements from both of them, for the service he had rendered; but we

must

must accompany the two travellers on their expedition to Wales.

A journey of easy stages, at last brought them, without any adventure worthy enumeration, to the Cottage on the Beach.

During the course of two months, the unhappy nobleman had but few rational intervals, the violence of his illness had disordered every nerve in his composition: his derangement, however, being of a species entirely harmless, it was a great source of consolation to the humane Mr. Glynne, to find that neither violence or coercion, were likely to be in the slightest degree requisite.

The greatest diversion of his patient, was, to sit on the rock and sigh after the passing vessels as they flitted before his straining eyes—to see the Sun rise in full splendour

splendour upon the expansive Ocean, or mark with a sigh, his red beems spread in rich colouring upon the towering mountains; which like a distant village sreatched into scenic variation before his musing vision. He would then wind slowly down the rock, and with folded arms, walk for hours together on the sands, either gathering shells—watching the waves as they rolled in placid and progressive grandeur, or by raising circles in the waters, making the obvious reflections upon Eternity, which naturally resulted from his simple experiment.

These daily occupations of Lord John are described in so beautifully pathetic a manner, by a very elegant Poet, that I cannot forbear quoting the lines—though not having the book at hand, I must solicit forgiveness for any verbal inaccuracies.

" Why dost thou wander on the beach,
" Where peaceful plays the placid wave,
" And often with fantastic speech,
" To the deaf OCEAN rave?

" Why dost thou bid the billow, fear
" Thy form unnerv'd by fancied care
" To distant realms which happier joys inspire!
" Why dost thou view the little skiff,
" Which flutters round the frowning cliff,
" With many an aching wish, and impotent desire?

" Is it, because each tie is gone,
" Which bouud you to this fragile state?
" Because thour't left to mourn alone,
" No Friend to love, no Foe to hate?

" If causes such as these have wrought,
" The mournful wreck of splendid thought,
" I weep.———"

From the Poem of, The MELANCHOLY MAN.

After

After several days of the most tempestuous weather, during which Lord John never omited his walk of wild meditation, by the sea side; a calm evening suddenly emerged from a tempestuous day, the Spirit of the Storm was hushed, and the clear blue firmament shone, reflected in the placid bosom of the subsided Ocean.

Mr. Glynne happened, that afternoon, to join his patient in his preambulations. It chanced to be one of his lordship's lucid intervals, and as he was at such times both sociable and instructive, they had wandered farther than they intended, absorbed in some interesting subject of conversation. On a sudden the sky grew dark, and foretold the speedy return of the Tempest; and after a dreary prologue from the whistling winds, it burst on their heads, with accumulated violence.

Lord John, accustomed to such vicissitudes of weather, coolly turning to Mr. Glynne, told him he was sorry to see him exposed to such dreadful weather, but added with a smile of bitterness:—"that for himself, he was reckless—that he had been born in a tempest—that storms had accompanied him from his days of infancy, to the present moment, and that despair had done its worst—his hopes were buried fathoms deep, and all the visions of his happier days a wreck!"

While he was yet speaking, the piercing shrieks of persons in distress, vibrated in his ear, and several signal guns immediately succeeded — impenetrable darkness prevented their discovery of surrounding objects; they were lost in grief at the thought of being able to render no assistance to their suffering fellow creatures, when they saw a Fisherman with

with a torch, glide among the rocks, above their head—they called loudly to the fellow, who told them, that he had just descry'd a vessel in distress, and was in the act of calling assistance from his brother fishermen; who were dispersed in a few miserable cottages at the summit of the rock.

The fellow then in a hoarse voice, bawled like thunder, several words, which being uttered in the Welch language, they could not understand:—in a few moments the rock was illuminsted by their pitchey torches, and a large fire was kindled at the top, as a beacon, to any boat, which might at that moment be exposed to the double perils of darkness and the waves.

The Fishermen they had just seen, then descended with their lights, and joined himself,

himself, with several of his sturdy companions, to Lord John, and Mr. Glynne. They made the best of their way, guided by the dreadful echoes of the still continuing shrieks, until the moon emitting a quivering ray, as she for a instant pierced through her dark shrouds, shot her downward beams on a *vessel*, wrecked near the beach: in a moment the yell which was heard, chilled every heart with fear—with this funeral chorus the ship sunk!

On a sudden a responsive groan re-echoed from Lord John and his attendants. To this a stupor like silence succeeded, and the ghastly countenances of the Fishermen, by torch light, tended to augment the horrour of the scene.

At this dreadful pause of silence, they were startled by the voice of a man, who called aloud for help:—they raised their

torches

torches, and beheld a boat buffeting the waves, and struggling to obtain the shore, it had nearly accomplished its aim, when a sudden swell of the wind upset it, and it *disappeared*.

The whole party, with their torches, rushed to the extreme edge of the water, Lord John stood with his hands stretched out to Heaven, in the middle of the breakers, whose white spray, in furious surges, sometimes covered him with foam.

The faint bark of a dog, in the water, attracted his attention: he turned his eyes downward, and beheld an immense animal of that species, struggling to save a something which eluded his grasp. Lord John, yet within his depth, dashed aside the billows with his arms, and hastening to the assistance of the generous brute, arrived just in time to rescue from a wa-

tery grave, a fine boy, of about ten months old, which the dog had brought in his mouth from the wreck: the poor animal was so exhausted by this effort, that he was by this time, spent and breathless, whining on the beach, while Lord John was engaged with the recovery of the infant, who was at that period beginning to cry very bitterly; the rest of the party, with the assistance of a rope, which had been previously thrown out—had dragged a sailor on shore, who came to land with another baby in his arms.

The second infant appeared to be dead, and the man who had carried it, so faint and wounded, from the hurts he had received in being dragged over the hard, sharp points of the rock, that unable to utter a word, he was forced to be carried on the shoulders of the Fishermen, to Mr. Glynne's cottage. Lord John, him-

self

self insisted on taking the two infants in his own arms.

When the poor dog, who had been forgotten in their hurry, saw the children carried away from him, he set up a lengthened howl, which was instantly re-echoed from each surrounding cavern, Mr. Glynne, whose benevolent heart was capacious enough to contain sentiments of tenderness and compassion for every thing Heaven had endowed with life, immediately turned back, and actually bore away the monstrous animal in his arms, who returned the favour by gratefully licking his hands, and faintly wagging his tail.

By the medical assistance of Mr. Glynne, and the unremitted attentions of his excellent Housekeeper, the little girl, whom the sailor had saved, was recovered from apparent death. The fellow himself ex-

 cessively

cessively bruised, and senseless from his fatigues, was put into a warm comfortable bed.

When Lord John had seen every necessary attention paid to these unhappy sufferers, he returned with the Fishermen to the beach, in hopes of rendering service to any one the waves might cast ashore. Every effort of this kind, however, proved in vain:—but at the grey dawn of morning, the bodies of a lady and gentleman were seen floating to the land. Every attention was exerted, every celebrated experiment was tried for their recovery—all efforts of this nature were fruitless—they were stiffened with death!

Having given directions concerning the disposal of the bodies, his lordship went back to the cottage; when he arrived there he found the sailor surprisingly recovered, sitting by the fire side, with

a large glass of grog before him. Being asked several questions concerning the children:—in a rough way, and with a discourse perpetually interlarded with naval terms, he gave them the following imperfect account:—

"The young cockboats were twins," he said, "and with two nurses were crowding sail for England—but that he did not know their names, nor to whom the goods were consigned, as they had been taken out of a French privateer his vessel had captured, but which had been separated from them in the late storm—he had no doubt, however, but that every living soul aboard must have gone to Davy Jones's locker, long before that time:"—when asked if he could remember the *name* of the ship, he scratched his head—whistled—and said, "no; It was a hard crackjaw word, and moreover French; and he could never parley voose in

in all his born days." He said, that "the woman used to call the children Henry, and Laura, but he never heard them baptised by any other name: that he, himself was christened Ben Wilson—his Captains's name was Smith, and that the Newfoundland dog Triton, was the Captain's *fovorite messmate*."

With this slight clue for the discovery of the parents or guardians, of the orphans, whom providence had thus cast under his protection, Lord John caused advertisements to be inserted in every newspaper, descriptive of the persons of the children, and the circumstances of the wreck. No notice being ever taken of these public informations, he humanely resolved to adopt them as his own, and gave them the names of Henry, and Laura Tempest, as appropriate to the extraordinary circumstances which had introduced them to his knowledge.

By

By this conduct, he in effect, amply ministered to the recovery of his own health: he had, now, something to remove the tædium of existence—something to rouse his energies, and make life desirable to him—he gazed on their innocent faces, and felt that in being a Benefactor to them, he had yet some business in the world, which it was his duty to go through. His health gradually recovered, and he seldom exhibited any traces of his former disorder. He was never, indeed, in that high flow of spirits which is generally thought requisite to perfect happiness, but he indulged in that species of quiet grief, which Shakespear's moral Jaques, emphatically calls,

"*A melancholy of his own!*"

And in that gratification, reached a state of mind, to him, far preferable to the riotous excess of more boisterous felicity.

Some time having expired, he made an application to the Admiralty for a command, and received the most flattering assurances of being employed with the speediest opportunity.

Thus situated, he was under the necessity of looking out for some person, to whom, during his absence he might confide the children of his care. As Mr. Glynne only occasionally resided in Wales, he could not conveniently leave them with him. At Eton, he had formed a very steady friendship, with a lad somewhat older than himself—their union was remarkable—they were seldom known to differ in their opinions—and in all boyish quarrels and disputes, the one was ever ready to stand forth the willing champion of the other. On this person he fixed his eyes, and, knowing him to be now a married man, wrote him a full and perfect narrative of all the eventful accidents

dents which had lately befallen him, and giving him, at the same time, an undisguised statement of the delicate predicament in which he was then placed. He concluded by asking, if consistently with his own feelings, and those of his fair consort, he could make it convenient to give harbour to his little treasures, under his *own* roof?

They were to superintend their education at school—to receive them at the vacations, and in every other respect to consider themselves as their guardians.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WESTON felt many motives tending to an inclination of obliging his friend, and school fellow. The remuneration proposed, was liberal in the extreme, and thereby exceeded every possible expence. He had no children of his own, with whom the little orphans might interfere. His circumstances too, though tolerably easy and comfortable, were far from approaching to modern ideas of affluence, and would be considerably

derably augmented in many of the little elegancies of life by his acceptance of the generous stipend which had been proffered. He therefore consented to receive the children, and expressed himself highly flattered with the trust which had been reposed in him.

When Lord John and his charming babies arrived at his Friend's house at Hamstead, he was equally charmed with the warm reception they were greeted with, by both the Master and the Mistress of the family. One fault on the side of the lady, however, could not escape the notice of Lord John, blind as he ever wished to be to the imperfections of the female portion of his acquaintance. None but a Cynic would complain of a *spot* in the Sun; but he must be blind who cannot observe the *cloud* that obscures it.

Mrs. Weston was a lady, who widely differed in opinion from the whole circle of her acquaintance, in one essential point, *(videlicet)* her *own perfections*—she was stored with a more than ordinary share of that comfortable vanity, which enables people to do a thousand ridiculous and idle things, while like a protecting panoply, it prevents them from noticing the contempt and risibility they are every moment exciting.

With a person not above the standard of mediocrity, and an understanding, most lamentably beneath it, her whole life was passed in a miserable affectation of singularity—hoping to make up for her defects by her oddities—and willing to excite attention, even by the sacrifice of judgement, sense and propriety, without the common advantages of a moderate education. She was never happy but when endeavouring to display her accom-

accomplishments. One of her most egregious errors, was an idea she had imbibed of her talent for epistolary composition, and she had actually persuaded herself, that in that difficult species of Literary excellence, she was at least *equal*, if not *superior*, to the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Hid under these follies, however, lay an affectionate heart, and a naturally amiable disposition, which were every hour disfigured by her affectation of literature, and unconquered desire of being thought a *character*. She was in many respects adapted to make an excellent housewife, as she was in the possession of various notable qualities, which might have proved of essential consequence to her husband, whose limited circumstances could ill accord with her *elegant carelesness of pecuniary matters*. Thus situated; the preference Lord John had given

to

to their house, as an assylum for his two little ones, could not fail of being a circumstance highly agreeable to them in every respect.

Mrs. Weston declared, she should take the greatest delight in expanding their ideas of literature, when they should arrive at an age, capable of being benefited by her instructions.

Lord John with a good humoured smile thanked her for her promises, though he inwardly resolved never to take *advantage* of her kindness. He well knew, that the first sentiments instilled into youthful minds, should be pure and unsophisticated—he wished them to be the pupils of nature, not the mechanical puppets of art.

He had appointed his brother, Mr. Glynne, and the Reverend Mr. Tracey, as

as guardians to his Cherubs, in case he should chance to fall in the service of his country. He gave them written instructions upon this head, whose import were; "that at three years old, the little Henry should be placed under Mr. Tracey's immediate inspection, where he was to remain till of a fit age to be sent to Eton College, where he was to remain till sixteen, and then have the privilege of chusing a profession for himself." Mr. Tracey had *voluntarily* made a previous offer of encharging himself with this important trust.

He proposed to leave his sweet *Laura* almost entirely to the guidance of her guardians, entreating his sister in-law, the amiable Dutchess, to assist them with her countenance, and advice, upon all occasional emergencies, requesting, that whatever might happen, she would remove the young lady at an early age from the

the house of Mrs. Weston, that by occasional absences, the literary opinions of that lady, might not tincture the manners or blur the simple nature of his ward. '*Generally* speaking, however, the mansion of Mr. Weston was to be regarded as her *home*.

Having arranged these plans, he blessed, and tenderly embraced the children, then taking an affectionate leave of all his friends, his lordship sat out to join his ship at Plymouth, then on the point of sailing for a long cruise.

Never was there a more affectionate, truly disinterested brother, than the Duke of Montcastle. Instead, therefore, of looking upon the little twins, with the jaundiced eye of jealousy, as the objects of Lord John's generosity, he considered them almost as his own. Such nobility of mind was the more admirable, as he

knew

knew the young strangers would be the heirs of his mother's immense jointure, which being at her own disposal by her articles of marriage, she had bequeathed to her youngest boy, considering the title and family estates as an ample provision for the eldest,

Heedless of such cold and worldly considerations, the noble brother doated on the babies, because they had been the most effectual instruments of restoring sanity of mind, and health of body to his beloved John. The circumstances of the shipwreck, were likewise so analogous to the situation in which his own lamented mother had once been placed, that the finger of Providence seemed to have conducted the infant wanderers to the peculiar protection of minds, softened and impressed by the sympathetic influence of similar calamity.

About two years after Lord John's departure, her Grace the Dutchess of Montcastle presented her Lord with a beautiful girl, who was baptised by the name of Susan. Lord John, to compleat the general felicity of this event, returned just time enough to be Sponsor: his stay was, however, but short: promotion, and another station, calling him again from England. Twice only, did he revisit his native country during the space of thirteen years. The time at length arrived when Henry Tempest was to make the choice of his future destiny,

Heaven had stored the mind of this young man with its most invaluable gifts, and his heart was likewise replete with those treasures, before whose energetic powers the adventitious circumstances, of riches, birth, and titles, shrink into native insignificance!

As

As yet a mere youth, the rising virtues of Henry Tempest gave promise of one of those exalted characters, which time or circumstances can never vary. Nature had marked him for her most sublime, and sacred offices. His talents were soundly brilliant, his heart was tenderly firm:—like the genuine offspring of the daring Douglas, in the beautiful Tragedy which bears that name.

> "——— He full oft deceived
> "Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
> "But when the matter *match'd* his mighty mind,
> "Decision followed, as the thunderbolt
> "Pursues the flash."

In addition to a fertility of mind, which made genius in *him* almost *instinctive*, nature had endowed him with another peculiar advantage. He possessed a voice which music like sunk into the ear of every auditor, and charmed with its mild cadence. Even, hardly able to pronounce,

nounce, he lisped his wishes in tones so harmonious that his infant oratory pleaded to the heart with irresistible persuasion. Thus mild and placid, he was by no means deficient in spirit:—he was the soul of honour, and "upon his brow shame was ashamed to sit." His turn of mind was of a reflective cast, and he had that conteura of nerves, which boardered on irritability; with these latter qualities, then, it could not be wondered at, if he felt with full force the dependent situation of life, in which the circumstances of his infancy had placed both his sister Laura and himself.

He looked with an amiable kind of envy (if such an expression be admissible,) upon those happier mortals who enjoyed the endearing consolations of the ties of kindred, who could benefit by a parents love—who could feel animated by a parents affection. These thoughts

at

at an early period, took root in his mind, and produced a degree of gravity uncommon in a young man of his time of life.

Lord John, who doated upon him, would have been well pleased had he chosen the navy for his profession; his own partiality to seamanlike pursuits, making him inclinable to impute every heroic virtue, every patriotic emotion, to the pursuit of that honourable vocation; but he well knew, that in the grateful heart of Henry, such a *wish* would have been *equivalent* to a *command*, and the chains of inclination were the only ones by which he desired the young man's mind to be encumbered. He determined, therefore, to forget that in the boyish days of his *Protegé* he had indulged in such visionary wishes for his disposal, and willingly acquiesced with the wishes of Henry, which led him to the *Church;* sending him to College, with such an allowance

allowance as would have befited the son of any gentleman of fortune.

He had requested that he might pass his vacations in the house of Mr. Tracey, who now a married man, and happy in a fine little girl, was settled in an excellent living, bestowed on him by Lord John.

And such was the benevolent disposition of this nobleman, who (as a celebrated Poet most elegantly expresses the sentiment).

"Did good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame."

That the worthy Clergyman knew not to whom he was indebted for the comforts he enjoyed. His good actions, indeed, were the only ones Lord John shrouded in darkness,

Laura Tempest, now an accomplished young

young woman, the softened image of her brother, was the admiration and delight of every eye; it was almost impossible, when she appeared, to avoid exclaiming with the Italian Bard—

"Natura la fece é poi rupa la stampa!"*

She loved her benefactor as a parent. He forbade her ever to call him by that tender name; but, though her tongue was silent, her heart still spoke in all its eloquence.

In describing the various graces of his Heroine, (Sophia) Fielding, the exquisite author of Tom Jones, finds language inadequate to the task, and concludes by saying; "that she was *most* like a lady, tenderly connected with him, and dear to his memory, and affections."

The

* 'After nature had formed her she broke the mould.'

The writer of this book had once a sister, which those who remember may take for the model of the sister of *Henry*, those who do not remember her, can form no adequate idea of Laura Tempest: the beauty of her person might be exceeded, but there was a peculiar something in it, which is not to be described—may the digression be forgiven—it was a tribute to affection!

Laura yet lived with Mrs. Weston, and was now just on the point of compleating her education. The Dutchess and her amiable daughter, a girl about Fourteen years old, took the kindest notice of her; and Lord John, constantly absent from his native country, and now honoured with the rank of Vice Admiral, had every reason to be satisfied with her situation.

A twofold misfortune, however, fell upon poor Laura, while her benefactor

was

was at sea, being deprived by death of her best friends, Mr. Weston, and the amiable Dutchess of Montcastle, who died within a fortnight after each other. Mr. Weston had been an invalid for some time past, but her Grace's death was as sudden, as it was lamented: she caught a fever of a favorite old female servant, whom she insisted on personally attending, being unwilling to trust her to the care of mercenary domestics. Her afflicted husband inconsolable for her loss, would have sunk under this heavey load of sorrow, but for the kind attentions of the Earl and Countess of Deloraine: the Earl absolutely insisting upon carrying his friend down with him to his Estate in the North. Here he and his whole family so effectually exerted their friendly energies, and varied the amusements with such imperceptible address, that the unhappy husband grew gradually

more calm; and calling the soothing aid of Religion to his support, was at length resigned to the dispensations of providence.

Lady Susan, and with reason, deeply felt the privation of so excellent a mother, but new and dawning hopes, time, and the buoyant spirits of youth, carried her through her sorrows, and she returned to pass two more years at the Boarding School.

To ameliorate the distress of Mrs. Weston, was a task of infinitely less difficulty: before her first *dearest* and best of husbands had been quietly sleeping for eight months (of crapes and weeds) in the tomb of his forefathers, did Mr. Handbury a *youthful* batchelor of five and fifty, prevail upon this distracted widow, to console herself for the heavy loss she had

had sustained, by accompanying him to the Hymeneal altar. He gratefully accepted the fair present she first made him, though he shortly found out, that she had at the same time favoured him with several others, for which he could not persuade himself to feel quite so thankful: namely, a long list of Debts.

His own nature was penurious to a degree; delighted, therefore, with her bragging discourse; her loud assumptions of elegance; nothing could beat it out of his head, but that he was about to secure a rich prize to himself, and fearful of offending her, by making those enquiries, which are necessary to every honourable and honest man, he very wisely resolved to make sure of her, before he ventured to drop a single hint upon the subject.

Thus, was this solemn Coxcomb,

whilst elated with the thoughts of over-reaching another person, most egregiously taken in himself. Most bitter was the good gentleman's disappointment at finding, that, in lieu of marrying a woman with an immense property, his own income was dipped to a considerable amount; ashamed of owning his real motives for an union, with his dear Rachael, Mr. Hanbury swallowed the bitter pill as well as he could, though he could not avoid making a few wry faces at finding it so hard of digestion. He had naturally, however, some particles of the quality called good nature; and as long as he could hoard his money, and be accounted a first rate Whist player, kept his temper as unruffled as possible.

Previous to his marriage, he had engaged in an Iron Foundry, as a sleeping partner, and it was a constant practice of his

his, to descend to the meanness of begging all the old fenders and fire implements of such of his acquaintance who were about new furnishing their houses—he wanted to give it to poor old *such a one*, who could not afford to buy these articles at first hand; but instead of applying the implements to his pretended charitable purpose, he kept them in a garret, till they reached a certain weight, and then sold them a bargain to his *own partners*.

Possessed, likewise, of a tolerable estate, and enjoying a lucrative situation in one of the Public Offices: it cut him to the very quick, to find his stores diminishing, instead of experiencing that daily augmentation, which had lately constituted the felicity of his daily reveries, and formed the happiness of his nightly dreams.

To retrieve these terrible depredations, and to avert the horrours of that disorder, which the Latin writers calls the "*defici-ente crumenâ*," Anglicised—the "*con-sumption of the purse*," he was now still more anxious than before to save every penny: every bill that was brought in to him, gave the unhappy man a *Spasm*—and it was rather ludicrous to see him looking at his wife, with a rueful length of face, and not daring to upbraid her with words, uttering a doleful groan at every item in the account.

This *tristful* scene he had frequently to act, for the good lady, since the death of her first *dear*, had not consulted any prudential motives, in the splendid appearance she had made to attract the attention of a second lover—how she succeeded the reader now knows, and the enamoured husband dolefully felt.

This

This change of the family, was of little moment to Laura Tempest, who always was treated by Mr. Hanbury with the greatest kindness, and respect. The first she owed to the natural good temper of the man, but for the latter, she was indebted to the strong desire of *retaining* her—or to speak more clearly, his unwillingness to forego the handsome allowance which Lord John regularly remitted, for the charges and expences of her residence with his wife.

This premium his Lordship had lately augmented in the most unsolicited, and noble manner: for though he knew it to be an ample one, and considered her in the light of a vain, weak woman, yet viewing her foibles as harmless, and thinking the loss of a worthy husband evil enough to punish all her follies, he determined that her feelings should not

be

be hurt, by any sudden change which had taken place in her worldly circumstances.

He clogged this voluntary bounty with one only condition, which was—that he should never be thanked for it. He was never so testy or ill humoured, as when the objects of his bounty, *pestered* him (as he always termed it) with acknowledgements. He was happy, when other persons assumed the merit of any favor or benefit he conferred; and he often found many who were willing to do him that piece of service. "Charity," it is said, "covers a multitude of sins," and many sinners avail themselves of such an opportunity. There are few persons who would not be happy to be thought benevolent, and when the price is to be paid by other people, the virtue, like weeds in the garden, springs up under the umbrageous

geous darkness of the night, and covers the wide surface of the barren ground.

There was not a useful charity in any part of the kingdom, to which Lord John had not occasionally contributed—but *never by name*. The gift "OF A SON OF NEPTUNE," was the only signature with which he would allow his donations to be subscribed. The list of his private charities was a profound secret between himself and the Great Being, by whom they will be finally rewarded. If asked to give a trifle to a poor family in distress, he would peevishly refuse, but the moment an opportunity occurred, they felt the influence of his bounty and his piety.

Four years after his last departure, Lord John O'Carrol, again returned to his mourning friends. He had now attained

tained his five and fortieth year. He came back with a wound in his head received in the moment of victory. This unfortunate contusion brought with it the symptoms of that dreadful malady, which had afflicted him in the earlier part of his life.

Under the care of an able surgeon, his wound had been healed, and all apprehensions of his bodily health removed, but symptoms of derangement returned: the most alarming of which, were the affecting depression of spirits, with a casual abstraction from every object with which he chanced to be surrounded.

In order to remove him from the immediate presence of the Duke, whose acute feelings were most sensibly wounded, by the contemplation of his situation, the good, the amiable, and the friendly Mr.

Mr. (newly created Doctor) Glynne, persuaded him again to accompany him to that Cottage, which had formerly been the happy means of calling back his wandering intellects. Henry Tempest was also of the party: a more amiable assistant than this young gentleman for the pious task he was undertaking, could not have been found on the wide expansion of the universal globe.

With their unremitting assiduities, aided by retirement, and change of air, his Lordship gradually recovered from his dreadful distemper. When he had acquired that state of mind, which was no longer liable either to distress or shock his relatives, he returned to London.

He shortly afterwards purchased a small, but elegant Cottage, in the beautiful county of Hampshire, near the seat

of his brother, steadfastly refusing his constant requests and solicitations, that he would come and reside with him, under the roof of their mutual parents. At such times he would firmly exclaim—

"No, George! no! I ever wished to be an independent being—the wish was vain! I am not fit to live in the circle of the forms prescribed for other people—where is the man with whom I can now assimulate? be assured of my affection; be also satisfied, that you will have at least as much, and probably *more* of my company than if the same roof sheltered us both; when I feel no restraint my wandering brain is most apt to settle; by this plan, I shall not so often afflict and distress that affectionate heart of thine. Young Tempest shall live with me: with him, Ben Wilson, and Henry's preserver, poor old Triton, I shall possess three well

tried

tried friends, as inmates of my Cottage—and who can boast of greater treasures?"

Satisfied with his brothers wish to have the whole disposal of his time left in his own hands, the Duke at last ceased from the vehement enforcement of his suit.

Besides the reasons he had given, his brother, Lord John, had a secret motive, for the rigorous obstinacy of his refusals. He concieved a great repugnance to the idea of living with Mrs. Scudamore.

This lady, proud and haughty in her manner, though really a worthy woman in the main, had once in his hearing spoken slightingly of Henry and Laura Tempest. Though he allowed her a perfect liberty to say just what she pleased, he set her down from that moment, for a

cross

cross, testy, pevish old maid: an antipathy which the elder gentlewoman returned with interest, declaring, that for a man of birth and fashion, he was a most *unpolished person.*

Henry, quitting college, only waited the allotted time to take orders. When the proper period arrived he was ordained: the Duke appointed him his own Chaplain, and he became the Curate of Lord John's early friend, the Reverend Mr. Tracey, who was Rector of the Parish adjoining the seat of Montcastle.

The first time he assayed the sacred duties of the Church, his emotions were such as might have been expected from a young man of his feeling and sensibility; but when he ascended the Pulpit, and addresssed the congregation, Lord John

John exclaimed—"HENCE! I SEE THE.... ...." and fainted away.

He was carried to the Vestry, and when recovered to sense and reason, said with an ill concealed shudder, that some strong perfumery in the dresses of the ladies in the next pew had overpowered him; for this he accounted, by adding, that his life being passed at sea, he was so unaccustomed to any kind of perfume, that it always overmastered his senses.

From this period, to the time we have chosen for the commencement of this history his derangement had never manifested itself with any symptoms of extraordinary violence; being *now* only discoverable by many little traits of eccentricity.

Having

Having thus taken a long flight from our first subject, we propose to make a speedy return, modestly begging leave to appropriate the tag end of this chapter to ourselves.

MY good Reader! if you are one of those, who subscribe to any of the *edifying* Magazines, so necessary to the works of us modern writers; have you not sometimes felt yourself most cruelly disapointed, by the loss of a critical page, torn by some envious hand, from the *time murdering* volume?

Ye kind damsels, *do as ye would be done by*, and spare this luckless book—Oh! let it *quietly* moulder in the lap of forgetfulness—

fulness—that kind mother who protects the works of *most* of the Romance writers, from the days of Grandison, and Tom Jones, who, like Prodigal Sons, defy her power—let this volume sleep, after a month, with thousands of its harmles, and harmful brethern—think, Ah! think how barbarously it will be torne to pieces by the Monthly Critics—and do not add another wound, to the many cuts, mangles, slashes, anu incisions those gentlemen will certainly inflict.

Rather,—ye novel reading Heroines—ye who at the same moment solace yourselves with Snuff and Romances—leave the fair impressions of your thumbs as commendatory notes, to console the poor Devil of an Author for the martyrdom he must go through—for there are many learned gentlemen, who consider such stains on a book, with the same eyes,

which

which an Antiquary casts on the green rust of an old coin—it is the rubish which stamps the value—for such critics will throw a clean volume aside with contempt, sagaciously observing, that, if the pages had been worth reading they could never have *long* continued so *touchable.*

Hoping that this supplicatory address will find its way to the tender hearts of the female part of my readers, I shall in the next chapter, resume the broken thread of my narrative, and return to the group at our noble and hospitable mansion.

CHAPTER.

CHAPTER V.

WE left Lady Harriot writing an invitation to Laura Tempest, the purport of which, was earnestly to solicit her speed to join the social party, then assembled. Harry Tempest highly gratified with this mark of attention shewed to a beloved sister, most chearfully consented to go in search of her. Lord John, too, much pleased with the prospect of soon beholding his dear Laura, endeavoured to chase away the usual gloom which hung over his

his faculties, and depressed his spirits. He used every exertion in his power to chear his disponding niece, and make her for a while forget the approaching separation from her beloved Charles Woodville.

This young gentleman, was to be conveyed the first stage of his journey towards the Isle of Wight, (where his regiment then was stationed) in his father's chariot. Lady Susan, though excessively fatigued and exhausted, could not prevail upon herself to go to bed, least she should lose one moment of his company, until the Countess making the usual signal for retiring, the ladies all arose; Captain Woodville, as he opened the door for them, tenderly pressed Lady Susan by the hand as she passed him: without being able to pronounce a word, she burst into a flood of tears, and running up

up stairs, shut herself in her own apartment, where she gave way to an infantine sorrow, till sleep, the "balm of hurt of minds," put a period to her memory and her woes.

The gentle god, alas! afforded her but a temporary relief. She rose early that she might again see Woodville as soon as possible, but when she entered the breakfast room, the Earl put a letter into her hands, and informed her, that Charles, to save both himself and her, the pain of a separation, (which the experience of the previous night had proved, was too much for the fortitude of either,) had resolved to set out at day break, on horseback, having employed the greater portion of his melancholy night in writing to her.

Poor Susan, bitterly weeping, declared she never knew any thing so unkind.

"I had a thousand things to say to him Sir, a thousand faults to confess, and though I know he would have scolded me, I wish he had staid!"

The Earl smiled at the idea of her delaying her confessions till the moment, when she was sure that her lover, softened by the contemplation of her affectionate sorrow, would have soothed, rather than have reproved her.

Sir Arthur, who could not bear to see any one in tears, bade her dry her eyes, and listen to a proposal which he had to make.

This proposition was—that they should before the party separated, arrange matters so as to meet at Margate, where he knew, by letters he had received from a young friend in the same Corps, there was

a great probability of Charles's regiment being ordered.

Delighted with this adjustment, she looked earnestly in the face of her father and the Earl to see how they were inclined, exclaiming at the same time.

"Now my dear goodnatured Papa's, do, pray do agree to give us that pleasure!"

Lord Deloraine declared, that he thought sea bathing might be of very essential service, in which his opinion was encouraged by an elaborate speech, upon the efficacy of salt water ablutions, by Mrs. Scudamore, who was now become an able, and constant supporter of Sir Arthur.

On a question of this nature, it was reasonable that the advice of Doctor Glynne

Glynne should be consulted, and that his counsel should be paramount. All anxiously awaited his *ita fiat*, and all were delighted, when he declared, that he thought the proposed expedition would have such salutary effects on the healths of his dear friends, that if the scheme was adopted, he would make one of the party.

The Duke asked his brother if he had any objection to accompany them.

He replied:—"Nay, none! all places are alike to *me;* but where you my dear George, and my other friends are, I am willing to follow; besides I am not a little attached to my native element. I have not lately seen it. Ben Wilson will be delighted—and old Triton may swim about like a Dolphin."

The

Sir Arthur was congratulated by all parties for having been the original proposer of so agreeable an expedition.

Lady Susan then retired into the Park to peruse the letter from her Charles, it was long, and to the following effect.

To the Right Honourable Lady Susan O'Carrol.

" ILL able to endure the sight of your
" tears for my departure, and I must
" confess, anxious to conceal those drops,
" which in a man might look like weak-
" ness, I have resolved to seek a refuge
" in flight—why I should feel so much
" at a separation for so short a period, is
" a question I have asked myself a thou-
" sand times!—this anxiety has convinc-

 ed

" ed me of the ardour of my affections;
" for when, my dear girl!—when was
" ever true love found entirely free from
" a tincture of jealousy? on this subject
" you have often, both reproached, and
" rallied me; but believe me, *my* jea-
" lousy is of a species as delicate as is
" my attachment."

" You have condescended to tell me
" that you love me, and I believe you.
" but—Ah, Susan! how many men are
" there, my superiors in every thing but
" Honour and affection, who stand forth
" as candidates for your favour? you are
" young—just entering into life—and
" when you engaged yourself to me, I
" doubt not, but that you thought you
" were pursuing the road to felicity.
" You had not then seen any other man
" matured judgement would have pre-
" ferred. Introduced to society under
" the most flattering auspices of rank and

fortune

" fortune, joined to superior beauty, and " all the advantages of polished under- " standing, thus preeminently gifted, how " can you fail of becoming the object of " universal admiration, and attraction? I " should be utterly unworthy of you, " could I for a moment think you capa- " ble of *retracting* the faith you pledged " with voluntary goodness; but alas! if at " the long and anxiously expected hour, " when I shall claim the performance of " your engagements, I should find the " inestimable treasure of your affection " transferred to some happier man— " what—oh! think *what* must be our " mutual misery. The horrors of my " own mind under such circumstances, I " can too well concieve, nor do I think " that yours could be inferior. Honour " would compel you to offer a reluctant " *hand* to me, while the rich treasure of " your *heart* was in the possession of " another."

"Thus do I ingeniously torment my-
" self. If I am to blame, the agonies of
" my mind are a punishment fully ade-
" quate to the magnitude of my folly."

"Yet, I think, I ought not to conceal
" from you the source, the origin, of all
" my anxious doubts, my tormenting
" perplexities."

"When we entered into our contract,
" you were scarcely eighteen—new to
" the pleasures, and allurements of the
" world:—surfeited with gaiety—the
" town afforded no amusements to me
" worth a serious thought—I was sick of
" its follies, disgusted with its caprices.
" I saw it daily gazing at bubbles, which
" as daily broke and disappeared; a State
" Trial—a new Opera Singer—a Giant—
" a Dwarf—a Pantomime—an Election;
" equally rousing its energies, a while
" are objects of the most serious impor-
" tance

" tance for one week, and glide down
" into the ocean of forgetfulness the
" next."

" Under these impressions, novelty
" had lost its charms, and I looked upon
" the enjoyment of domestic life, and the
" discharge of the domestic virtues, as the
" most rational modes of exerting those
" faculties, with which Heaven has en-
" dowed its noblest, and best work."

" With sentiments like these *I* can
" never change, and pardon me my be-
" loved Susan, for suspecting you for one
" moment of inconstancy, or instability.
" I have written thus much, to let you
" into my whole character; I have not a
" thought that I would conceal from you;
" I often breath the same wish of the
" sublime Philosopher, who prayed for a
" window in his bosom, that his heart
" might be open to the inspection of the

" gazing world—I carry not my desire
" so far—you, and you *only* should con-
" template the thoughts of the bosom of
" your Charles: I hope, and trust that
" they would not be found unworthy
" of you. I fear I weary you with my
" gravity."

" That dear son of mirth, and frolic,
" young Sir Arthur Conyers, last night,
" after we parted, disclosed to me his
" intentions of proposing an expedition
" to Margate for you. Use all your in-
" fluence with your own father and
" mine, to accede to this arrange-
" ment I conjure you, my dear! dear!
" Susan!"

" I entertain some flattering hopes of
" our regiment being ordered to that
" charming spot. Pardon me, I once
" more beseech you for making you a
" sharer in my unhappiness, and pray
" let

" let me find a letter from you, when I
" arrive at Southampton, to alleviate the
" distressess of my mind."

" I have appointed your young cousin
" Sir Arthur, to succeed me as your at-
" tendant Chaperon—he has promised
" me, laughingly, to keep you out of
" harms way."

" Let me never be out of your
" thoughts, and then we can never be
" differently employed."

" S'onesto *amor* puo' meritar mercede,
" E se pietà ancor puo', quant ella suole,
" Mercede avrò: che piu chiara, che l sole,
" A Madonna, ed al mondo, e la mia fede.

PETRARCA SONETTO, LXI

"Adieu, once more—that Heaven "may shower down all its blessings on "that dear head, is the fervant prayer of "the tender—

"the faithful—

"the eternally affectionate,

"Charles Dacres Woodville."

Low spirited before, this melancholy epistle did not much tend to enliven the object to whom it had been addressed—at some parts of it, she could not help feeling somewhat angry and resentful. Of a gay turn of mind, and lively disposition, she had persuaded herself that there was no real harm in that amusement, which is stiled fashionable *flirta-*

tion;

tion; conscious of the rectitude of her heart, and principles, she thought the world had no right to circumscribe her actions, or censure her for a levity, sanctioned by so many persons of the *first fashion.*

She knew she had sometimes given pain to Charles by her airy sallies, and suspecting that jealousy had some share in the component qualities of her lover, wished to rally, and plague him into a concealment of it, until she had eradicated every seed of the passion from his heart.

She had, indeed, yet to learn, that Woodville differed from most of the young men of his day, in the *gothic* qualities of modesty, and diffidence.

While she sat ruminating on the extrordinary strain in which this long epis-

tle was evedently written, she was joined by no less a person than Old Triton. Henry Tempest having locked him up when he sat off to fetch his sister, thinking so long a journey far too fatiguing for an animal of his extraordinary age.

The poor dog, having missed his master, had been wandering all over the house in search of him, and now gazing earnestly in Lady Susan's face, barked and looked round, as if making the most anxious enquiries.

From the time of his bringing Henry from the wreck, in Wales, he had never willingly left him for one moment; he had been his companion at Eton, and at Cambridge, constantly stretching himself across the threshold of his bed chamber door, to take his nightly rest, where, in consideration of his age and services, he was indulged with a mat.

Nor

Nor did he confine his undeviating attentions on his master, to those situations which are usually alloted to his species. He regularly followed him to church, where he laid himself down with the utmost gravity, at the bottom of the pulpit stairs, from which situation, nothing but the positive commands of Henry, was ever capable of moving him one inch, and then, though he submitted, he would whine and fret the whole time. To be harsh, to any thing that enjoyed the common blessing of life, was not in the nature of the youthful Tempest; how then was it possible for him to have proved unkind to the aged animal, who had saved his life, and who *himself* only lived in his sight. Ben Wilson the preserver of Laura, was Triton's second favorite.

Honest Ben had been taken into the service of Lord John O'Carrol, and had

gone to sea with him every voyage: being a man of good sense, Doctor Glynne had taught him how to manage his master when he gave any symptoms of his mental malady, Ben therefore, regardless of being thought officious, hardly ever lost sight of him: gratitude soon endeared the tar to his commander, and when gratitude once enters the bosom of an English sailor, his friendship is as true as *the needle to the Pole.*

While Lady Susan was patting Triton on the head, she thought she heard the clattering of horses hoofs—the growling of the dog impeded her hearing for a few moments, but when he was quiet she distinguished approaching footsteps—turning her eyes to the spot whence the noise proceeded, she beheld—Captain Woodville.

Her eyes sparkled with delight as she

gave him her hand, every unpleasant idea vanished in the unexpected joy of again beholding him. When sufficiently recovered from the first tumult of surprise. she earnestly demanded what had brought him back.

" Are you come to apologise for that teasing letter which you sent me?" said she, in a half reproachful smile, " If you are, you may save yousself the trouble, for I am positively resolved not to forgive you for your unkind doubts."

" Nay, this is unlike yourself my dear Susan, to deny pardon to him that sincerely repenteth—to forgive is a property of Heaven, and it *must* be also that of my Susan! You have really guessed my errand:—dissatisfied with my letter, I found I had not time to write another, and dreading the horrours of taking leave, I chose the least evil, which was to leave

what

what I had written. I had not proceeded ten miles on my road, before I determined to return, to beg your forgiveness of my fretful, foolish doubts, and at all events, to enjoy the happiness of a parting look."

"Really my dear Charles, you have made such a very pretty, gallant speech that I think I shall be *obliged* to make it up with you! and now, do tell me, if you think you are likely to be quartered at Margate?"

A gloom of despondency, like a cloud, overspread the countenance of Woodville at this question, and a tear trickled down his cheek, with this reply.

"Ah, Susan! there—there is the idea which pains—distresses me! for I believe their is very little doubt but that some of our regiment will be ordered abroad;

abroad; and should that be the case, the chances against my remaining in England will be considerably against me. At the present aweful crisis, I need not tell you, that an officer in the British service should not shrink from the performance of his duty—such conduct would render me unworthy of you. I am glad to meet you, as I will not return to undergo the pangs of a second separation from my family. I have a request to make to you, which, indeed, your worthy father has partly promised to second me in."

"What is it, Charles? if in my power to grant, I feel that at the present moment I could deny you nothing."

"That you will sit for your picture, my Susan, on your return to town, and send it to me at the Isle of Wight, in case I should *not* be one of those fortunate offi-

cers who are to be quartered at Margate: have I your promise?"

" Willingly!—but on *condition*, that it is not *shewn* to any one."

" Why? why am I to *conceal* what is my proudest boast—that I am the favoured mortal thought worthy the honour of being the elected husband of Lady Susan O'Carrol? can any one dispute——"

" Hold! hold Charles! now do I clearly foresee, that you are going to provoke me to quarrel with you, by starting some of your idle, jealous, fancies: I do insist upon your driving all such ridiculous whimsies from you thoughts, where you DEGRADE me, by suffering them to enter for a moment. A woman of real delicacy, can never chuse to have her picture displayed upon every occasion, and it is unkind in you to attribute any

any improper motive to a wish that is so consistant with feminine propriety, and the purity of my character."

"Well—well—I submit—yet, promise that if you should happen to dance while you are at Margate, you will have no other partner than Sir Arthur, or Harry Tempest, or my brother Ernest, who may probably join you there."

"I make you that promise, certainly, with this proviso, that the gentlemen you have just mentioned, do me the honour of asking me the question: but to speak seriously, I assure you, that these causeless doubts of yours, are the height of injustice both to me and to yourself; but you mentioned my lively cousin—apropos—here he is."

They were at that instant joined by Sir Arthur, splashed with mud up to his very

very knees; he had got up particularly early that morning, and had taken it into his head, from a sheer want of employment, to walk to the Post Town, to see if there were any letters for the family.

This circumstance was peculiarly convenient to Lady Susan, who lived in daily fear of begging letters from her friend Mrs. Harcourt. To have one of these epistles fall by any accident into the hands of Mrs. Scudamore, would have been to her the most unfortunate event.

Aunt Anne being of a most *communicative* disposition, and following the maxims which had regulated her own education, made it her religious creed, that young ladies should never receive or answer any letters, before they had been submitted to the prudent and decorous inspection of some staid starch female of the family.

To

To avoid all the efforts of this prying elderly gentlewoman, Lady Susan had entreated the good natured Arthur, that, if he should chance to find letters for her at the Post-Office, he would not deliver any of them before witnesses; yet, not supposing *Woodville* as included in the number of those personages from whom she could possibly be desirous of concealing her correspondents, the moment he saw him, he thrust two packets into her hands, and began to rally the Captain on his unexpected return: all his agreeable sallies, however, were thrown away upon the lover, who seeing Lady Susan change colour on the reception of one of her letters, rivited his eyes upon his mistress, who with a look of confusion, endeavoured to cover the hand writing of the direction with her fingers.

Woodville still eyed her with an unaltered scrutinizing glance.

Confused

Confused—petrified—astounded—her thoughts were bewildered—she had no recollection to enable her to form an excuse, and the truth she was ashamed to confess—she could only stammer imperfectly out. " The letters—a lady——a friend—of no consequence—" And then with an ill acted indifference concealed them in her pocket.

Sir Arthur imagining that his presence was a restraint upon the lovers, and having several letters for the rest of the family, with a sly look, apologised for leaving them to entertain each other, and then scampered away to deliver his packets.

Lady Susan, struggling to get the better of her confusion, turned to Charles, and asked him what he was saying when they were so suddenly interupted by young Conyers——

"Who

"Who so awkwardly executed his commission," cried Woodville, hastily cutting short her interrogatory, then bowing gravely, continued. "I beg your pardon, Madam, my presence deprives you of the pleasure you must feel in the perusal of letters from your *female* friends, I shall, therefore, humbly take my leave."

Conscious that *both* the letters did not come from ladies, and startled by the cold gravity of his manner, she felt unable to reply, and could only faintly hint to him, that it was yet too early for him to have any necessity for hurrying himself.

Penetrated with the emotions she had discovered since the letters were put into her hands, and all the impetuous passions of his heart being called into action, he resolved not to run the hazard of a complete rupture with his mistress, which he knew

knew must be the case if he remained any longer; he suddenly vanished out of her sight, bidding her adieu with a voice and bow of equal formality, and indifference.

Lady Susan stood fixed and motionless; Woodville again returned with a manner more softened, but with determination impressed upon his countenance. The lady now felt that it was *her* turn to be severe, and calling pride to her aid, said in a forced tone.

" When do you set out Sir?—I wish you a pleasant journey—I suppose you travel post?"

Cut to the heart with this obdurate insensibility, all his ideas of reconciling their quarrel were now put to sudden flight—he looked her stedfastly in the

face,

face, and clasping his hands together, seriously exclaimed.

"Ah, Susan! can not you then content yourself with the possession of one faithful heart? but regardless of the sufferings which your caprice, and coquetry inflict upon him, who would most willingly lay down his life in your defence; can nothing but universal empire satisfy your vanity? you *may* be—you are *admired*, perhaps loved by many, but never will you meet a heart which has doted as mine has done; and though I now bear a pang in my bosom, my bitterest enemy could not wish augmented, I can pity your follies, I can mourn your errours! adieu, once loved! once adored, adieu! may all good angels guard you! may they disperse from your mind all those false principles, pernicious fashion *only* has implanted there! may they in time restore that Heaven born candour, that

that innate simplicity which once enslaved my heart!"

His feelings here got the better of his utterence—he again disappeared, and the word, "*farewell!*" vibrated on her ear, even after the person who pronounced it, was no longer visible.

Overwhelmed by his sorrow and reproaches, it was some time before she could recover herself: when she called her senses home, she bitterly ubraided herself for that unlucky failing, which had involved her in such perplexing circumstances, and had led her from candour to artifice, and from artifice to a sort of fraud, which seemed likely to present the road to *falsehoods* of every species.

Entangled in the fatal web she knew not which way to turn; the scheme she had

had so artfully planed with Sir Arthur to elude the vigilance of her aunt, had involved her with her lover: she saw nothing before her but shame, confusion, and remorse. She might at that moment have exclaimed with Lady Randolph.

> " ——— Sincerity,
> " Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
> " Thy onward path, tho'
> " From the gates of Hell destruction cry
> " To take dissimulations winding way."

The unhappy young woman was roused from her reverie, by Lady Harriot and Sir Arthur, with whom she was persuaded to return to the house. In this walk she attended not to one word they said, but silently paced onwards between them.

Too good natured to take any notice of her visible emotion, which was imputed to Mr. Woodville's departure, they continued

continued conversing with each other, on indifferent subjects untill they reached the house.

Lady Susan immediately went up to her own room, her cousin first telling her that he had something to say to her, when she had a few minutes to spare; guessing at his motive, she told him, that she should presently return, and then closely shutting her room door, she seated herself by the window, and took out the fatal letters, which had been the cause of so much misery to poor Woodville. Reflecting that she should never have it in her power to clear herself from the mystery which she knew his generous temper would attach to her manifest confusion; on the reception of these packets, she gave herself up to a flood of tears, and considered herself the most unhappy being on the face of the earth.

Accumulated vexations awaited the unfolding of these mischevous epistles. The first she opened, (rightly guessing it to be the shortest,) was from Abraham Jonas, the old Isrælite, who kindly lent her his *monish* at *de* trifling interest of five and twenty per *shent*. Having neglected to send him the stipulated sum, the old usurer resolved to give her memory a gentle jog. He did this, indeed, rather in an alarming way, for as he well knew, he had no hold, save on her honour, and apprehensive of her rash conduct being discovered by her family, he held up these terrible circumstances to her in all their force—saying:—" how " very sorry he should be to press, a man " of his low situation in life, upon the " notice of her noble family; but *monish* " was *scaresh* — *de* income tax — bad " debts——" in short he plainly told her that he *must* have the cash *directly*, or be

compelled to wait in *person* upon her FATHER.

She was well aware, that, if her unfortunate prediliction for the gaming table, happened to be found out, her long expected union was at an end:—Woodvill would never marry her in opposition to his father; and that father would have sooner seen *him* married to one of his own female servants, than to what he considered the most detestible of characters:—a gaming woman of quality.

She had within twenty pounds of the money, requisite to satisfy the craving Jonas, in her possession. Sir Arthur had promised to procure fifty for her, but to *that* sum Mrs. Harcourt had laid strong siege. She hastily, therefore, opened the second letter, which she knew to be from the abovementioned lady; entertaining a feeble hope, that she might be now no longer

longer in want of the sum, she had formerly requested.

So far was this from being the case, that the letter was to assure her, if she did not that instant remit *Seventy* pounds, she never should be able to shew her face in London again; for that Abraham had resolutely refused to advance her one more guinea.

" Now," added Mrs. Harcourt, " as
" that is not the case with you my dear
" Susan, (for I do verily believe the
" wretch would lend you the last far-
" thing he has in the world) could not
" you contrive to borrow of him again,
" and let me have this trifling sum?
" which would be still more convenient
" if you could make it up an *even hun-*
" *dred*. I have told him, (as I *think* I
" have heard) that, though, the estates
" and title of Montcastle are to go toge-

"ther to your *crazy uncle*, there is very
"little chance of his outliving your fa-
"ther; and I was sure that *you* would
"be the Heires of his immense fortune;
"for you know, I was not *obliged* to tell
"*him* my strong suspicion of the Tem-
"pestuous twins coming in for a large
"portion of it. It would be a very good
"thing for you, if the *owners* would claim
"these foundlings: why should you be
"canted out of your birthright? I de-
"clare if Harcourt would but have the
"politeness to pop off some of these days
"in one of his bilious fits I should be in-
"expressibly obliged to him, and would
"set my cap most inveterately at your
"*Moon struck uncle;* then trust me for
"putting the noses of young *pudding*
"*sleeves* and his sly demure looking sis-
"ter, out of joint:—talking of my good
"man—he grows more ugly and more
"illtempered every day of his life; I was
"never much taken with fellows beauty,
"but

" but he is really grown so corpulent and " so yellow, and so——indeed he can do " nothing but *die* to put me in any toler- " able temper with him. I am torn to " pieces for time—full of engagements— " all the beaux here are anxiously enquir- " ing when they may hope for a glance of " you. I wish I could persuade you to " give up all ideas of that handsome, but " jealous pated Captain; you *may* fly at " higher game if you *will*. My dear, now, " pray don't forget to send the money " directly, I shall be ruined if you fail " me, and I know Harcourt would re- " joice at an opportunity of turning me " out of doors, for I assure you there is " no love lost between us."

"Adieu, adieu, dear Lady S, believe me " ever, eternally, ardently, affectionately, " and immensely, your friend till death; " your Chere Amie."

" *Arabella Margaret Harcourt.*"

This

This abstract from Mrs. Harcourt's letter may seem long to some readers, but we have two reasons for the insertion, the first appertains to its necessary connection with the facts we are relating, or should any thing of that kind appear a superfluous, and unnecessary piece of attention in a modern Romance writer, we have another plea to set up in the defence of our apparent tediousness.

As a book of this species ought to be a picture of modern manners; and as several ladies in the country are anxious to copy the style, conversation, and phraseology of high life, we presume that a delineation of these particulars, would be as useful a model for their conduct, language, and writing, as the Monthly Magazines of fashion, are for their dress, costume, and apparel; and we assure our fair readers, that, the letter of Mrs. Harcourt is an excellent *fac simile* for such of

them as would import the style of the metropolis into the provincial towns and villages of these united kingdoms. It will serve as a specimen of the reigning mode, this year of our Lord, 1808;—the *latter part* of it, especially, is as *useful* as it is *correct;* it has now been the *mode* for several seasons, among ladies of the first rank, and possesses this extraordinary convenience; it will serve for *any body*, *any where*.

Lady Susan, who was not sufficiently bronzed to take the first rank in the *haut ton*, was excessively hurt at the unfeeling terms so liberally bestowed on the ornament of his family, and the pride of human nature, the Lord John O'Carrol.

She was now incapable of feeling any sentiment, except that of contempt, for the profligate, and unprincipled Mrs. Harcourt. She determined, nevertheless, to

to accomodate her with the money, requested, if she could by any means procure that sum. Her motive for this was, the horrour she felt at the bare idea of any woman, with whom she had ever lived in the habits of intimacy, being *literally* discarded, and turned out of doors by her husband.

She well knew that Harcourt, of an avaricious turn of mind, would eagerly grasp at any pretence for getting rid of her.

Mrs. Harcourt's father had given her wenty thousand pounds on the day of her marriage, but had stipulated for no settlement in favor of his child; having a bad opinion of the sex in general, he had ever looked on dependance as the best security for their proper conduct. Though Harcourt had really admired the youthful beauty of his wife, (who by the way, from

from the first hour he saw her, looked much more like his *daughter)* her great riches, added to the facility of getting rid of her when ever he thought it convenient so to do, were his chief inducements to the match.

While Lady Susan was anxiously pondering on means to raise *Seventy* pounds for Mrs. Harcourt, and the twenty *deficient*, for Abraham Jonas, Sir Arthur tapped at her door: she bid him enter—he immediately addressed her, with a——

" Well, my good, pretty coz, here is Sixty pounds Guardy has given me, with strict charge to let Bob try the horse before I mount. I was ready to die at the tight ones never *twigging* that it was all a *hoax*, to do him out of the *shiners*. I only asked for Fifty but he *tipped* me ten more, thinking I might want the little merry *Goldfinches*—there they are—much

at your service Susy; I shall ride the brown mare Bob has always had, and mount him upon the bay horse, then Guardy, who knows no more of horse flesh, than aunt Scudamore's flannel night cap, can never find out that I have only swopped with Bob."

"Thank ye—thank ye, a thousand times my dear Arthur! but suppose Dr. Glynne should ask you any questions, what is to be done in *that* case?"

"Why, look ye Susan, if a halter was tied round my neck, and a lie would save it from strangling me, may I be ——— *never mind;*——if I would tell it; but I'll contrive to bother him, and God bless him that is easy enough; only set him giggling a bit, and he is sure to forget every word he had to say. Every time he is going to *row* me, I tip him off a Joe Miller, which goes down with him for a *genuine*—

genuine—he swallows it like Sack and sugar, and off he sets chuckling for a whole half hour together. Did not come off quite so well though, just now, for gentle aunt Anne, set upon me with such a *sisserara* of elegant, stylish, and break tooth abuse, that I was tempted to bid her shut her *fly trap*, and being Good Friday, to give her *talking machine* a holy-day; all this, forsooth, because I forgot to deliver a letter, which had slipped into a sly corner of my pocket, and might have *staid* there till doomsday if she had not asked for it; it's from her barber I suppose, giving her an account of the migration of a new fashioned Periwig, just imported from Paris—you have twigged the ladys noddle, haven't you?—shy about the *Caxon*—wants a new *Jasey* most confoundedly. How she did BLOW ME UP, for what she called my *oblivious* propensity."

"Ah!"

"Ah!" thought Lady Susan, "I *wished* you to have delayed the delivery of *my* letter; had you done so, I should not have scolded you!"

She did not, however, think proper to make the young Baronet acquainted with the breach, he had been the innocent cause of occasioning, between Woodville, and herself: but after she repeated her thanks, for his loan, and with much earnestness, exhorted him to secrecy, he took his departure.

She then wrote to Abraham, enclosing the money due to him, having taken twenty of the Sixty pounds lent by her kind cousin, to make up the sum; she then put the letter into a cover to Mrs. Harcourt, begging her to forward it, as she was fearful of directing an epistle to he Israelite, from her present place of

abode

abode. She also remitted Forty pounds to Mrs. Harcourt, promising to send, or bring the remainder to her, (if possible) on her own arrival in Town; after carrying the letters to her father to frank, she returned to the party somewhat relieved from her anxiety.

CHAPTER VI.

AS this family circle were prepairing to place themselves at table, they were greatly surprised by the very unexpected arrival of Lord Dalton, the Earl's eldest son; who accompanied Harry Tempest from his unsuccessful expedition to his sister Laura. He brought Lady Harriot a letter penned in the most grateful stile of acknowledgement, but at the same time, begging to decline the invitation. The indisposition of Mrs. Hanbury, was the

the foundation upon which she grounded her refusal, alledging, that in common humanity, she could not leave that lady, who had so earnestly entreated her to remain.

Henry had met Lord Dalton in the street, who learning the nature of his embassy from ;, promised, if he would call upon him, at the Cocoa Tree Coffeehouse, on his return from Mrs. Hanbury's, at Hampstead, they could return together to Lord Deloraine's.

Now, besides the pleasure of seeing his father and mother, Lord Dalton had another motive for this sudden journey.

Though now in his nine and twentieth year, he was as impetuous, giddy, and wild, as young Arthur Conyers, and without half the discretion of the latter volatile

volatile youth. Yet, though his passions were vehement, his heart was good—his temper sweet, and affectionate—violently fond of pleasure—and from infancy indulged in the excess of it, he could not bear the slightest contradiction,

Hitherto life had been perfectly smooth to him, for as his pleasures were by no means vulgar, or vicious, his father had not found any necessity for checking, or correcting him; and his young Lordship had a merit, which is a very common boast among your passionate people; that, when they have their *own way* in every *thing*, they are pretty harmless, and tolerably good natured.

The time was now approaching, however, which was to convince Dalton, that like his fellow mortals, he was doomed to carry his burthen of troubles and anxieties;

ties; accident had prevented his seeing Laura Tempest for eight years together—when they at last met, he was struck with her improved graces—she burst suddenly on his enraptured vision, in the full blaze of softness, innocence, and beauty!

In the midst of this placid sensibility which characterised the countenance of Laura, resided that superior grace, which rendered her as respectable as she was interesting; it was not the vacant idiot beauty, which may be found at times in women without minds, and without feelings. Respect, awe, and admiration, were mingled with the sentiments she inspired; and the beholder might exclaim with Adam in the Paradise Lost.

> " Yet when I approach
> " Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
> " And in herself complete, so well to know
> " Her own, that what she wills to do or say
> " Seems

"Seems wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best;
"All higher knowledge in her presence falls
"Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
"Loses discountenanced, and like folly shews;
"Authority and Reason on her wait,
"As one intended first, not after made
"Occasionally; and to consummate all,
"Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
"Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
"*About her*, as a guard Angelic plac'd."

PARADISE LOST,
BOOK VIII, LINE 546, Todd's Edition.

At the approach of so exquisite a creature, it is not to be wondered, that a young man of ardent fancy, should immediately think himself desperately in love; not dreaming of any opposition from his father, he put not the slightest constraint upon his feelings, but intoxicated with that prospect of happiness, which seemed the result of such an union, he indulged in all the romantic reveries of a

delighted

delighted imagination, and enamoured heart.

When Henry Tempest informed him that he was going to carry Laura to his Lordship's father, Dalton immediately made up his mind to be on the party, and having easily prevailed upon one of the young officers of his Regiment, to perform his duty of patroling St. James's street, and giving orders to his servant to attend him on horseback, anxiously waited for his Reverend young companion.

When, however, Henry stoped at the door, and informed him, that Laura would not consent to accompany him, Dalton was half inclined to give up all thoughts of his journey: London was to *him* the only bearable place in the world; he pitied, and wondered at the dull

soul'd mortals, who could tolerate existence in any other spot.

The hopes of being with Laura—alone could reconcile him to the horrid bore of prosing, yawning, and dosing away a week in *banishment;* for such was the name he gave to those periodical visits, decency sometimes compelled him to pay to his family; yet fearful, least Henry should suspect his motive, he entered the chaise with a very bad grace, and a firm determination to return the next morning, if he did not find the party more agreeable than he expected, and of that he entertained but very feeble hopes, as he always considered *family parties* the most stupid things in the world:—he knew, that he could easily make *duty* an excuse for going back.

He was received by the assembled

group

group with the greatest joy, poor Lord John O'Carrol, alone, excepted; the disappointment of not seeing Laura, suddenly obscured the day break of his apparently reviving chearfulness.

Lady Susan beckoned to Dalton, to take his seat by her, when they soon rattled each other into good humour, and adjusted a delightful plan for the ensuing morning: the day after was nominated by the Duke for his return to his house in the metropolis.

The following morning, as soon as breakfast was concluded, the three young ladies, with their several beaux, set out on a pedestrian excursion, full of the gaiety of youth, and braced with all that elasticity of spirits which beautiful weather, in the spring of the year, produces upon sensible minds.

They

They had walked a considerable distance, when a stile suddenly impeded their progress; Lady Susan insisting upon it, that the best way to surmount the difficulty, was to ascend the top, and jump down from the highest step; with the assistance of Sir Arthur Conyers, and the greatest intrepidity, set the example to her hesitating party; she made an active spring, but the moment her feet touched the ground—screamed and fell prostraite on the meadow.

The gentlemen flew like lightening to her assistance, and raising their lovely burthen in their arms, gently reposed it upon the broadest part of the stile; It was soon discovered, that she had sprained her ancle in a very violent manner, and thus rendered herself incapable of walking any farther; Sir Arthur ran with the celerity of a Roe-buck, to discover some

some house, or cottage, to which she might be conveyed: nor were the feet of Henry Tempest less active, he flew over hedges and ditches, with the most agile boundings, eager to reach the family mansion, in order to send back a carriage directly to the relief of Lady Susan.

Every one was assiduously employed in rendering some assistance to the wounded object of their cares; Lord Dalton was supporting her all this while, for pain and fatigue had produced a faintness, which all their efforts were unable to prevent.

Sir Arthur returned, out of breath, and informed them, that he had found a beautiful cottage, hard bye; the mistress of which was eagerly solicitous to exert every effort in her power, for the relief of his dear cousin.

"She

"She was a lady," he said, "of a most interesting appearance, though her dress was somewhat singular, being something resembling that habit which he supposed was worn by the *Nuns*, in foreign countries."

She had addressed him from a latticed window: when he informed her, that, there were some gentlemen in the company of the lady who had met with the accident; she had, though in the most polite longuage, requested that they would not enter the house, as she had made it a strict rule, never to admit any, but of her *own* sex, to the interior of her habitation.

Surprised at this extraordinary account; but having no alternative, Lord Dalton took the fair sufferer up in his arms, and with the assistance of the youthful Conyers, carried her up to the door

door of the cottage, which Sir Arthur pointed out.

Two elderly female attendants, apparently of a superior order, received Lady Susan, and her friend, whom they requested to enter.

Sir Arthur, and Lord Dalton, remained sauntering in a little garden, before the cottage, until they were joined by Lady Harriot, who looking extremely pale, and ill, begged her brother to return home, and send for Doctor Glynne, for that she was quite allarmed by her friend's frequent faintings.

While she was yet speaking young Tempest drove up with the Duke's charriot, which he had happened to find just returned from taking the elderly ladies an airing. He had said nothing to alarm her friends at home, on Lady Susan's ac-

count. Lord Dalton taking the servants horse, set off full gallop, in search of the Doctor.

The kind Hostess of the cottage, was in the mean time exerting every effort to alleviate the excruciating agonies of Lady Susan, and at the same time, to quiet the friendly apprehensions of Lady Harriot. She was a widow she informed them, and her name was Villiers.

Lady Louisa Woodville was now sitting in the room, and had she been capable of feeling for *any* body, she must have felt for the suffering Susan; yet being one of those living Automatons, which can only be set in motion by their own inconveniences: instead of contributing her aid and advice to the relief or comfort of her friend, she sat on the window seat, contemplating

ing with the most invincible *sang froid*, the elegant, yet simple decorations of a room, not larger than a closet, and amusing herself by trying to find out, in what stitch, a beautiful Ottoman (on which she happened to be then seated) was worked, she was likewise diverting herself, by watching for the arrival of the carriages. The moment, therefore, she saw the chariot stop, she jumped up and ran down stairs, declaring to Mr. Tempest, that she did not think Susan would be able to return.

They were yet in this state of suspence, when Doctor Glynne and Lord Dalton rode up to the house, Lady Louisa then went in to ask permission of Mrs. Villiers, for the introduction of a medical gentleman; she instantly complied, with a demand she could not consistently have refused, but withdrew herself into an interior apartment.

Doctor Glynne found the accident of Lady Susan, of so truly serious a nature, and the symptoms of fever so very strong upon her, that he declared, he was quite terrified at her encountering the fatigue, and danger of a sudden removal.

A servant entering the room at that moment, delivering a message in her mistresse's name, whose import was, that the ladies would do her the honour to consider the cottage as *their own*, as long as it was in the slightest degree necessary or convenient for them to remain; a proposition was also made, of procuring Doctor Glynne a bed at a neighbours, if he felt inclined to remain during the night. The doctor expressed his warmest thanks, but returned for answer, that the short distance of his residence from the cottage, precluded all necessity of *his* acceptance of the proffered kindness, but that Lady Susan's female friends, suffered

suffered so much at the idea of leaving her in her present sad condition, that he should esteem it as very great favour, if the obliging tender made to *him* might be *transferred* to *them*. Then having ordered the proper applications for her foot, and promising to be with her early the next morning, Doctor Glynne took leave of Lady Susan.

He returned home with the gentlemen and Lady Louisa. The Countess, as soon as she heard of poor Lady Susan's accident, wished to have her own woman sent off to attend her during her indisposition. Doctor Glynne, sensible of the inconvenience such an addition must inevitably occasion in a house, already too small for its inhabitants, assured her, that the servants of Mrs. Villiers, were, from their age, and experience, fully competent to all the possible circumstances of the case in question.

"He made no doubt," he said, "but that the young lady would be sufficiently recovered to return the next morning." The Duke and Lord John were both anxiously desirous of going to Lady Susan immediately, but, understanding the particular prejudice of Mrs. Villiers against the admission of any male visitors, they could not with any appearance of good breeding persist in their intention: they retired, therefore, to rest, cherishing the fond hope of beholding their darling restored to them the next day.

Lady Susan having taken a composing draught prepared for her by a servant of Mrs. Villiers, fell into a placid slumber. The kind owner of the cottage, then conducted Lady Harriot into an adjoining room, which opened upon a lovely garden, filled with every choice plant, which could gratify the eye, or please the senses, by its fragrant odours.

There

There placing the young visitor by her side, the benevolent Hostess entreated her to partake of some refreshment; she conjured her, likewise, to set her mind perfectly at rest concerning the fair invalid.

"She will be well in the morning," said Mrs. Villiers, "the *Medicina Bianca*, I have administered, is of surprising virtue; it relieves corporeal sufferings, but its greatest excellence consists in its efficacy in composing the agitated mind—I have experienced this wellcome relief—in troubles—in sorrows—I pray pardon me fair stranger!"

Involuntary tears started into the eyes of Mrs. Villiers as she pronounced the ast words: she bowed to her guest, and made every apology for her agitation.

The praises she had bestowed on her

 valuable

valuable medicine, however, proved well founded. Lady Susan gradually recovered her spirits, and the use of the injured limb was restored in a surprising manner. During her illness Mrs. Villiers waited on her with the most unremitted attention. Her manners though generally tinctured with something of austerity, were at times mild, placable, and consoling. She seemed to be one of those whom the late revolutious in political and religious principles abroad, had driven from the peaceful assylum which the Convents had formerly afforded. She was so distant and reserved, that the young ladies could get but little from her, yet from a few hints which she dropped, they had reason to imagine that love had nothing to do with her misfortunes. She had been ill used, but this ill usage seemed to be only one of the many melancholy effects of continental wars. England was at that time crowded with several others equally

equally unfortunate, who had, perhaps, like this lady, been forced to fly from the different parts of Europe, after having beheld their nearest and dearest relatives perish on the scaffold.

Many concurring circumstances tended to confirm these opinions, with regard to Mrs. Villiers: though she spoke good English in general, she had at times when off her guard, a strong foreign tone, and her pronounciation of several particular words, convinced Lady Susan, Doctor Glynne, and Lady Harriot, of her being a French woman.

As her mode of life, however, evidently evinced a wish for privacy and concealment, the parties to whom she had displayed so much of benevolence, were too humane, and well bred, to feel desirous of tearing open the wounds which time alone appeared capable of healing,

or of violating the sacred rights of hospitality, by a prying, and ill timed curiosity.

She had expressed much sense of gratitude towards the Earl of Deloraine, on whose domains her cottage was situated: he had done many civil things by her, she said, and had sent her a most elegant, and polite letter, in which he had invited her to his house, stating how happy he should be to introduce her to his family, the female portion of which, he added, would be happy to pay her every attention, which might render her residence in that part of the country as little irksome to her as possible.

" It hurt me," subjoined the interesting recluse, " to appear insensible to such flattering marks of condecension and regard; but my future tranquility depends on pursuing the tract which I have marked out for myself, with an undeviating

ing scrupulosity: to be *private*, is now the grand desire of my life; I have duties to perform, which can only be fulfilled by the most ridged adherence to a principle, from which, those who really wish me any tolerable degree of contentment in this world, would never persuade me to vary—to leave me *entirely to myself* is the only way of shewing regard to my well-fare, or anxiety for my repose."

Such expressions as these were quite sufficient for much less delicate minds, then were in the possession of the present inmates of her little hospitable dwelling: all parties promised a strict adherence to her wishes.

When Doctor Glynne saw the admirable effects which the *Medicina Bianca* had produced upon her patient, he expressed a strong desire to be made acquainted with the component particles

of

of so invaluable a remedy: he was in all respects a liberal minded Physician, though he looked with honest and justifiable indignation, on those ignorant Empirics who vend misery and poison to their fellow creatures, under the titles, of Infalible Nostrums: he was not so bigotted, as to suppose that the art of Medicine was arrived to such a pitch of excellence as to be above all *possibility* of amelioration: he was well aware that the human faculties were progressive, and that to imagine *complete perfection*, was to arrogate that attribute which is the sole property of divine knowledge. Under such impressions, he would have prized that discovery as invaluable, which could have been a public benefit to mankind in general; he was for these reasons considerably disapointed, when he learned from Mrs. Villiers, that it was not in her power to give him the necessary information on so interesting a subject.

She

She had received a small quantity from an Italian Monk, who had prepared it for the members of his Convent; having proved its efficacy she had written to him for a fresh supply, but had received an answer from his superior, that the Father Vitalbi, had expired before her letter had arrived; that they had made searches in his cell for his books, wherein they hoped to find this famous recipe, but that, from motives they could none of them develope, he had burned his writings, and destroyed the whole of his chemical apparatus, the evening previous to his decease.

Mrs. Villiers had treasured her small store for peculiar exigences, but felt sorry to relate, that, she had not more than would be requisite for two future sufferers. With this account her auditor was compelled to be contented.

Lady Susan recovered by these means in a few days, now quitted the cottage, impressed with gratitude for the favours she had there received, and deeply interested for the austere, but benevolent owner.

Mrs. Villiers appeared affected at parting with them, and as they left her, begged that she might be remembred in their prayers. She also repeated her wishes of being considered as sacred to privacy, and every promise was made her on that head which could tend to the satisfaction of her mind.

Knowing her aversion to any thing like a male visitor, the carriage which came with Sir Arthur, and Lord Dalton, to fetch the ladies home, remained a few yards from the house. The females walked to it, looking frequently back with a

sigh, on the neat little Paradise which they had just quitted.

When Doctor Glynne made his bow to the worthy Hostess, he assured her, that he should never wantonly violate the sacred silence of he retreat, but that he hoped, and trusted, that if ever she stood in need of a friend, in a professional, or any other way, she would do him the honour of giving him the preference—she made a profound reverence, but answered not; the party proceeded homeward, where the fair Susan was hailed by the joyful gratulations of the whole family party.

Every one was deeply interested for the singular owner of the beautiful cottage, but for many reasons, which it might be tedious to go over again, it was judged proper, by all parties concerned, that she should be left unmolested, in

that

that seclusion to which she seemed so resolutely attached.

Sir Arthur Conyers had, on account of his cousin Susan's accident, considerably delayed his going back to Westminster: It was now grown absolutely necessary that he should return; before he went, however, he took care to secure the united promises of the Duke of Montcastle, and the Earl of Deloraine, that they would positively go to Margate, after the King's birth day, where he was to make one of the festive group: having adjusted this important concern to the satisfaction of all parties, the gentleman went to town, whether he was almost immediately followed, by the Duke, Mrs. Scudamore, Doctor Glynne, and Lord John O'Carrol.

The last mentioned nobleman took a private lodging the moment of his arrival, persevering

persevering in his former independent ideas, and not chusing to reside with his brother's family, who still kept up their large house in Grosvenor Square.

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning after Lady Susan arrived in the metropolis, she was awakened by her waiting woman, who informed her that there was a lady below, who appeared in very great agitation, and said, that she must see her on very particular business: as soon as she could get dressed Lady Susan descended, and beheld—Mrs. Harcourt!—though she received this visit rather coldly, her former friend appeared neither surprised nor daunted at

it

it, but proceeded to inform her with an air of eagerness, not unmixed with an affectation of levity, that, she came to throw herself upon her young ladyship's mercy for what she had done.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Nay, nay, it's no such vast matter either, ma Belle Susan! only you know the money you last sent me, fell short of what I stood in need of, by Forty pounds, and as you sent the money to that—psha! thingumy there—what is his nasty Hebrew name?—through my hands, I took the liberty of detaining Fifty pounds of it, telling him, I was sure you would soon let him have it again, and I give you my word the brute seemed very well satisfied; but that is not all that I am come to you about I promise you!"

"Good God, Bell! what have you done?

done? Involved, before this rash step, in debts and difficulties, I dare not contemplate even in thought; you have added an additional weight to the burthen of my affliction, by this selfish, cruel, and irritating method of supplying your own improvident wants! I would not for ten thousand worlds, have been a second time exposed to the humiliating, distressing circumstance, of receiving letters from that disagreeable old Jew! he has no sense of mercy, delicacy, or feeling! the odious raptile wrote a threatening letter, even to the house of the Earl of Deloraine: I was alarmed to death least they should fall by some unlucky chance into the hands of Mrs. Scudamore, or any other part of my family. The act of concealing his abhorred! his his abominable epistle! has given occasion to quarrel between me and my jealous Charles: his suspicions were roused by my confusion, of course I could not explain it to his satisfaction,

tisfaction, and we parted on the worst terms imaginable."

Lady Susan made this appeal to her friend, in a tone of distress, which would have conveyed a portion of her sorrow to almost any person in the universe, more especially when that person must have felt at the heart, an ubraiding conviction of being the source and fountain-head of the calamity complained of; but, the Gamester, hardened into daily insensibility, and in the constant habit of existing by the misery of others, has a face of bronze, tacked to heart of flint.

With such a heart, and such a countenance, as I have just described, Bell Harcourt listen to the above recital, adjusting a strayed lock, at the mirror over the chimney piece, she merely drawled out.

" Lord child ! you will never be good

for

for any thing in the world, while you suffer that teasing, capricious mortal to influence your actions. I'll set all things on their right bottoms—come to me at night—I am at home—your old admirer, Cosmo Bouveire, will be there—I shall have two or three other fluttering pigeons too, who like *wine* better than money, to dine with that wedded torment, that *amiable* Caro Sposo of mine; now when they come reeling up to the card table, they will be the most delectable company in the world for us—money will be plenty—the spoil will be the reward of the victorious army, and I will make you my generalissimo."

"No! no!" said Lady Susan, with tears in her eyes, "I have already suffered too severely for my credulity, in having paid any attention to such councils as these. Oh, Bell! be warned, and take a lesson from my sufferings: dearly

as I love you, I can not! will not! continue a friendship, which, if I follow your advice, must at once be destructive to my happiness, and honour."

"Very fine tragedy rhodomontade, indeed, my lady—only, when your ladyship has concluded this pathetic — this most edifying lecture, I shall just take the liberty of asking, how you intend to adjust your little *trifling* debt of honour, with the gallant Bouverie? If he does not see you at my house to night, he will call here untill he finds you; and you know *he* is not like our old friend the Jew, bound down to *secresy*, so may think it no kind of harm to talk a little carelessly or so, about our innocent diversions and amusements; now unless you chuse to put yourself most implicitly in the power of this young spark of fashion (which you must if you request his concealment)

concealment) out comes the whole history, with all its additions, augmentations and aggravations — the Earl will know the whole facts—he writes a full, true, and faithful account to his young Knight of the Woeful Countenance:—Master Charley obeys Papa's commands, and good bye Cupid, and Captain Woodville.' This picture of your present situation is a true one, taken on the spot—so do my dear descend from your heroical stilts, and honour my poor mansion with your company as usual."

With this half sarcastical, half persuasive speech, did this thorough paced *woman of the Ton*, sidle herself out of the room, leaving the petrified, and afflicted victim of her nefarious arts in a most perplexed situation of mind. She revolved many plans for extricating herself from the web of difficulties in which she

was

was entangled, but not one of them seemed feasible, or easy to put in practice.

At one moment she determined to write to Charles Woodville, tell him the whole truth, and with the sincerest promises and intentions of amendment, solicit his interposition and assistance:—but then the avowal of being under pecuniary obligations to Cosmo Bouverie—a libertine—a known profligate—this was more than she could summon fortitude to go through with. Her next resource was to apply again for comfort and advice to her youthful cousin Sir Arthur

She therefore wrote a note to Westminster, entreating of the Baronet to contrive some means for an interview. Her footman brought back the ensuing lines.

"*Dear Susan,*"

"I should have been happy to have
"obeyed your summons, and dined in
"Grosvenor Square, but I have a con-
"founded ear-ache; Mrs. Williams, un-
"known to me, sent for guardy, who
"won't let me stir a peg: I wish you
"could just make a hop, step, and jump,
"and bring your walking machines here:
"I've a knowing scheme—better than
"the Isrælite's, or Cosmo Bouverie's—
"need not fear *him*—he's here on a visit
"to his brother. Mrs. Williams has
"tied my head and jaws up like a horses
"collar: I should not wonder if she was
"to wrap her flannel peticoat about my
"head when I go to sleep, or make me
"wear one of her night caps when you
"see me tomorrow. Don't tell aunt
"Scudamore any thing's the matter with
"me,

"me, God bless ye! if you do she'll "come and bore me to death with her "family receipts, and make that long "tongue of hers ache with jobations, and "preachifications, about night airs, and "colds, and I don't know whats. To tell "you a secret I wouldn't tell aunt Anne: "I was rowing on the Thames yester-"day—sharp wind—it whistled in my "hearing port holes—that accounts for "it—hope I sha'n't kick the bucket this "bout; if I do you shall be my heiress, "and then that settles all difficulties in "a *hey ho tantivy!*—do you know that "my good uncle John called that day I "was first taken ill—saw me laugh, and "went away easy about me—come to-"morrow, my dear pretty Coz—God "bless you!"

"ARTHUR WILLIAM CONYERS."

 "PS.

"PS. Odzookers—I forgot! do you "know, that, I had a letter from Charley "to day."

"Westminster."

"*To Lady Susan O'Carrol.*"

Lady Susan would immediately have gone to her cousin, but finding that Cosmo Bouverie was there, she hesitated; she was fearful least that gentleman should make a proposal of seeng her home on her return, an occurrence which she had many reasons to dread.

The kind expressions of the youthful Arthur, in his note, tended greatly to the reanimation

reanimation of her spirits; she perceived by the stile which it was penned, that he was still attached to her, warmly as ever, and eager, as formerly, to relieve her from her distresses, and extricate her from the difficulties with which she was encumbered.

When she entered the dining room, her father smilingly informed her, that he had just met her old friend Mrs. Harcourt in the Park, who had made him the bearer of an invitation to her, for that evening, which, (added he) I am sure you cannot refuse, as I know you are not engaged, and your aunt and myself intend going to the concert of Ancient Music, so you will be quite at liberty.

Shocked at Mrs. Harcourt's duplicity, in thus making her own father a party in a plot to allure her to (what she now con-

sidered) her destruction—she determined to plead a head ache, as an excuse for staying at home; but recollecting that Mrs. Harcourt, now informed that she would be quite alone, would inevitably send Bouverie to her, (to whom, under existing circumstances, she dared not deny herself,) resolved to go for that one night, but, with a fixed, and ridged determination, to abstain from the alurements of play.

Alas! how vain are the resolves of the gamester. When arrived at Mrs. Harcourt's, which she contrived should be as late as possible, she found the whole assembled party engaged at the card table, except Cosmo Bouverie, who was leaning against the chimney shelf, admiring several ornaments placed thereon.

The moment Lady Susan entered, the mistress

mistress of the house, then dealing at *vingt-un*, cried out.

"Do you mean to join our table Lady, Susan O'Carrol, or do you prefer entering into a sentimental conversation with Mr. Bouverie? I see he has every disposition to render himself agreeable; he has declined playing all the evening, doubtless in the agreeable hope of contributing to your ladyships amusement."

Vexed, and stung to the quick by this satirical address, and much irritated also by the triumph which glistened in the eyes of Bouverie; all the memory of her good resolutions, vanished before the darts of a malicious and ill directed ridicule. She indignantly placed her hand on a chair, which in a fretful manner she dragged towards the card table, and seat-

ed herself with the rest of the *vingt un* set.

Bouverie at the same moment, declaring that without a companion he should be the victim of *Ennui*, drew a chair close to hers, and joined the party.

Few, very few moments did the chagrin of Lady Susan continue; the true, the unconquerable spirit of gaming soon broke through the opposing barriers of reason and of prudence, and she became the most zealously active person in the assembled group, who, with the exception of Mrs. Harcourt and Bouverie, were all strangers. She lost every thing she attempted; the insinuating Cosmo was her banker, and encouraged her to go on, every moment assuring her, that he felt certain conviction of her good luck; she listened to his treacherous oracles—and

not

not until her carriage was announced the third time, and at three o'clock in the morning, did she recover from the seductive delirium of her unfortunate propensity.

The talisman at length broke as the company rose; the charms of the gaming table were fled, and truth with her unerring pencil reversed the glittering prospects of the *moment*, and shewed the melancholy *future*, with all the fidelity of a minute and rigid artist.

When she quitted the table, and came to settle her accounts with Bouverie, she found that she was indebted to him in the sum of three hundred pounds. The distress of this latter circumstance was considerably augmented, by the air of satisfaction which shone conspicuously in his countenance, and was reflected on

that of Mrs. Harcourt. The good lady of the house had indeed some reason for her smiles. She was considerably in pocket by her this nights party; her scheme of making her guests pay for their lemon and water, had succeeded admirably, and when ever she had fleeced her visitors, she was full of—

> " Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> " Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

She had sat to a celebrated painter for Milton's Euphrosyne, and could the artist have delineated *mind*, as well as *features*, on the canvas, he could not have found a better type for that riotous nymph, in the midnight orges of any modern fashionable Comus.

The spiritless unhappy victim of these scenes of folly and disipation, returned to

the

the house of her father with a heavy weight at her heart.

The Duke had long since finished his slight supper, and feeling uneasy at her staying out so long, had resolved to protract his usual hour of retiring to rest until he saw her safe returned.

It was as much as she could do to conceal her emotions from his affectionate and enquiring eye, when he blessed, and bad her good night: her feelings rose to a pitch of agony; her accusing conscience loudly telling her, how much at that moment she was unworthy his parental tenderness.

She passed a night of feverish slumbers; slumbers rendered still more unrefreshing, by wretched dreams, and ghastly terrifying visions.

She

She arose next morning, languid, trembling, and a prey to a thousand nervous symptoms. A deathlike sickness chilled the blood at her heart; tears seemed ready to flow from her eyes at every word that was spoken to her; her limbs appeared to have lost their native energies, and every object before her, was seen through the dark mediums of vapours, or of shadows.

She could scarcely hold the tea cup in her hand, and the noise it made, occasioned by her tremor, startled and alarmed her.

The Duke observed, that, he always found late hours operate unfavorably on his own constitution the ensuing day, and begged his darling to take better care of herself for the future.

She

She could not restrain her tears at the affectionate tone of voice with which this caution was pronounced: but recovering herself as well as she was able, she thanked her dear father for his anxiety for her, owning that she felt very nervous after her disipation, but thought that a walk in the parks would brace her up again, and restore her spirits to the tone they had lost:—she then rang the bell for her footman.

" Stay, stay, Lady Susan! only wait 'till I have written out this family recipe for my Lord Deloraine, and I will accompany you," said Mrs. Scudamore.

Now this was a piece of kind attention in her aunt, which Susan could at that moment very willingly have dispensed with, yet she knew that a refusal of the proffer would have tended to excite that curiosity

curiosity, which bore a very strong proportion in the essential qualities of dear aunt Anne.

She was immediately, however, relieved from this perplexity, by the Duke expressing a wish that Mrs. Scudamore would accompany *him* to an auction of pictures, saying at the same time, that if she did not go with him, he must apply to some *other* person of taste, as he could not rely on his own judgement.

At the words *person of taste*, a simper of selfsatisfaction played over her countenance, and bridling herself up, with an air of the most ineffable dignity she exclaimed.

" Oh! by all means! if your Grace is thus situated, Lady Susan must have the goodness to excuse me:—there is nothing

nothing that requires such a polished judgement as painting; to appreciate that art properly, every elegance of the human understanding ought to be combined; and the misfortune is, that a great many people flatter themselves, that they are judges on a subject, which baffles the most profound discrimination: that your Lordship should fall into the hands of one of these undiscriminating Goths would vex and shock me most exceedingly—so I will make myself ready and attend your Grace directly."

The Duke could not help inwardly enjoying some parts of this harangue, which was delivered in a very pompous tone; but he had made the proposition entirely out of kindness to his daughter: he well knew what nervous feelings were, and likewise well knew what it was to be

saddled with the company of Mrs. Scudamore at such moments.

"In this charitable spirit, he had resolved to rescue poor Lady Susan, and the words, person of taste, was a bait with which he constantly caught the old lady, whenever he was inclined to carry any point with her. She came back in a few moments, dressed out in all her best, and stepping with an air of consequential triumph: the carriage was ordered, and she drove away with the Duke, as happy as any woman in the kingdom.

Truly grateful for this escape from a morning of persecution, Lady Susan resolved to prosecute her former plan, and immediately went in search of her youthful cousin to the boarding house of Mrs. Williams, at Westminster, where he had been comfortably established by his guar-

dian,

dian, ever since the seventh year of his age.

Her walk was far from a pleasant one, the painful ruminations of her mind, rendering her inattentive to the bustle and tumult of the crowded streets she had to pass, and had it not been for the careful vigilence of the footman who attended her, she would most probably have met with some very unpleasant accident: by the attention of this man, however, she at length attained Mrs. Williams's in safety.

On her entrance she was excessively surprised to find Sir Arthur with a child on his knee; it was a boy about three years old. The pretty little fellow was hugging, caressing, and bewailing his *poor ear!* so loudly as to drown the noise she made as she opened the door of his apartment,

apartment, and Sir Arthur was for some time unconscious of her being in the room.

When she addressed him, he started up, rubbed his eyes, and then blushed and stammered out, that, he did not expect her so soon—he was much better, but Doctor Glynne had made him give his *word* and *honour* not to go out till he saw *him* again. He then told the little child to go away; the infant clung about his knees, making up its little mouth, expressed the most heart-broken unwillingness to obey his commands.

"Who is this sweet baby, with his curly locks, and his soft blue eyes?" said Susan smiling, and jumping his infant playmate on her lap.

"Can you keep a secret Susan?"

"Try

"Try me cousin."

"Well then—this curley pated, blue eyed, little genius, is my adopted son."

"Indeed! a very discreet Papa he has got truly! and where are his parents?"

"*In Heaven*, I hope! he has noboby to take care of him, in the world, but myself, poor little fellow!"

"How long have you had him?"

"Ever since last Summer."

"Do tell me how you came by him?"

"It is a melancholy story."

"Well then it will just suit me, for I am at present in very bad spirits."

Sir

Sir Arthur looked earnestly at the boy, who, with a sudden spring leaped from the lap of Lady Susan into his arms, and began entwining its little fingers in his hair: the young Baronet patted him on the head—placed him gently on his knee, and then drawing his chair close to that of his fair cousin, told her that as she felt inclined for a sad tale he would tell her one.

She declared, that she was all attention. Sir Arthur hugged the infant in his arms, and commenced the narrative of the next chapter.

CHAPTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU know my dear Susan how fond I am of the water, and as we Westminsters are always sailing about, I met last summer with a young Bargeman, who was very civil and obliging to me, so that when ever I wanted a boat, or could recommend him to any body, I always did.

I hired it one holiday, and neither Ned Bouverie, nor my friend Lionel Falkland being in town, I went alone; for want of better company I entered into discourse with Ferguson, who was rowing me; he looked almost as young as myself, for I am sure he could not be above two or three and twenty; he had a dejection on his countenance which interested me very much; when I desired him to turn the boat, he hesitated a little, and with a blush on his face, asked me if I would give him permission to go up as far as Twickenham, to give is wife a little money, who being poorly, was there with her mother for the benefit of the air, and added—If, sir, you would have the goodness to pay me for this days row, I could let her have that too.

"Well, but my friend," said I "if you give all your money to your wife, what are

are you to do for your own dinner? he drew his hand across his eyes, and re-ply'd," "I don't mind for *myself* Sir, but poor Lucy is so ill!!"

"I told him, that if he liked, he should come and dine with me, and I would go with him to see his wife—he thanked me—we landed at Twickenham, and I accompanied him to his mother in laws cottage:—Ferguson knocked at the door; it was a small white house, and a honey-suckle, that spread almost over the win-dow, made it look very pretty indeed; an old woman opened the door, and after making me a low curtsey, desired us to walk in."

"On the bed was sitting a pretty little woman, who looked very ill, being as I found, in the last stage of a consumption. The moment I saw her, I felt so much interested for her, that I determined to

ask my good charitable guardian, Doctor Glynne, to see and prescribe for her; I knew it would be an action he would rejoice at."

"This little rogue was at that moment on his mother's knee, he jumped off when he saw me come in—he ran up to me, and with his laughing eyes, asked me for my *tick tick*. I amused him with my watch until Ferguson, after giving some money to his wife, told me that he was now ready to attend me: the child could hardly be persuaded to quit me. Poor boy! one would almost think that something then told his little heart, that I should soon be the only friend he would have in the world. I placed him in the arms of his sick mother, and giving all I had in my pocket to the old woman, to procure any thing Lucy Ferguson might stand in need of, and determining to see my little chubby friend here, as soon

again

again as possible—we returned to the boat."

"Ferguson was silent the whole way, 'till we came in sight of Westminster Bridge, when he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he feared his poor Lucy would not live long." "And then Sir," said he, with a sigh, "what will become of little Dick?" "I told him that I hoped he would find himself mistaken, with regard to his Lucy, but if he should unfortunately be right, I would provide for the child. We landed, and parted—*for ever!*

"No sooner had I quitted the boat, than poor Ferguson, thinking most probably of far different matters, in carelessly shooting one of the Arches of the bridge, ran foul of a coal barge, and upset his little wherry—he sunk immediately, and never! never! rose again!—excuse my

tears cousin?—-perhaps it is'nt quite manly to *cry* so—but when I think of the poor honest fellow! and look in Dick's face! upon my soul I can't help it! well! well!—every endeavour, which several persons on the river used to save him, were all in vain: his body could not be found till the next day—I see by your swimming eyes, that you feel what I felt then, Susan!"

"I hastened to Twickenham the moment I was made acquainted with this sad accident, hoping that the melancholy truth might yet be kept concealed from the unfortunate young woman left behind—but I was too late—a bargeman, one of those who had assisted in finding the body, had already pronounced his sad fate in an ale-house, to which the old woman had gone to get some beer; this miserable old creature, equally devoid of feeling and discretion, ran home and told Lucy

Lucy (who was not her own, but her husbands daughter) the plain truth and in the plainest manner."

"The poor creature fell immediately into strong convulsions, and in this melancholy condition I found her when I arrived. I sent my man Bob (who accompanied me) for an Apothecary directly; he was out—before Bob returned Lucy gradually recovered her senses, and though far from well fitted for the office, I did all in my power to comfort her."

"She told me she felt that she should not outlive him the day, and prayed heartily to God that she might in a few hours be reunited to her dear Ferguson; that she had only one pang to make death bitter—*her poor little boy!* the old woman, (who loved nothing on earth but money,) was his only relation, she said, all her husbands family being Scotch

 people,

people, of whom she knew nothing. A sudden thought coming into my head, I asked her if she would give me the child, informing her at the same time, who, and what I was."

"A faint smile of joy came over her pale face at this question, and she consented, saying—"

"Young as you are, Sir Arthur, I know that my poor Ferguson loved you, and you were the last person he ever spoke a word to; if he could look down from Heaven, I am sure he would not wish his little Dick in better hands than *yours*."

"She placed the infant in my arms, and fixing her hollow eyes upon me, said in a solemn voice"—

"*As you act by this child, may the*
"*Almighty God deal with you!*"

"Faint with the extraordinary exertion of this last affecting speech, she soon fell into a profound sleep, from which she never awoke. We were all unconscious of her death, until the arrival of the Apothecary, who speedily convinced us of the melancholy truth."

"As soon as this sad certainty was ascertained—overpowered by the distress of the scene, and exceedingly annoyed by the ill acted lamentations of the hypocritical old woman; I ordered a chaise, and taking my little charge with me (who shewed not the slightest reluctance to his change of residence) I brought him here, and consigned him over to my goodnatured Mrs. Williams. I then wrote off to Doctor Glynne to come and assist me, in taking proper

 methods

methods for the disposal of the deceased. We caused the bodies of the unfortunate pair to be interred in the same grave, over which we placed a white stone, with a brief account of their melancholy deaths, and these lines:—

" Beneath this stone an humble pair repose
" Free from a life of poverty and woes!
" Simple in manners, innocent and pure,
" And in a retributing power secure;
" They wait the judgement, whose impartial aim
" Shall with the highest, rank their lowly name,
" Repay their sufferings in a vale of tears,
" And sorrows *hour* reward with raptured *years*."

" By guardy's direction also, we left an account with the Clergyman of both Ferguson's and Lucy's parishes—of my having taken the boy, in case any of his father's relatives wished to claim him. The child being unwell, I placed him with a very good kind of woman at Hampstead,

Hampstead, where I go to see him as often as I can. His dame brought him here to day, and I mean to have him with me this week; he will serve to amuse, now I am forced to keep house."

"But, why—why my dear Arthur," said Lady Susan, fondly patting her cousin on the cheek, "so long *conceal* this noble action?"

"Why to tell you the truth Susy, I always feel confoundedly sheepish when any body praises me; I knew you would all be bothering me with fine speeches on the occasion, so I worried Doctor Glynne, and my other co-adjutors, into a word of honour about secrecy; and this, my dear cousin, is the reason why I could not lend you quite so much money myself as I could wish; for to say the truth, this little rascal here, is no trifling expence to me; and though guardian is,

to be sure, liberal enough to me in his allowances, he does not know that I keep the old woman at Twickenham into the bargain—poor soul—and guardy took such a dislike to her for her inhumanity to poor Lucy Ferguson, that I doubt if with all his charity he would allow me to be of any use to her:—but, now to your affairs."

"Believe me my dear cousin I am much interested in them—if you want to pay Cosmo, I can recommend you to a fellow, who will think it the highest honour to lend his dirty money to a—*my lady.*"

"I thank you sincerely my dear Arthur! but I have a most interesting question to ask you:—what does Charles Woodville say in his letter to you?"

"Why Susan, as I have no good news to

to tell you on that score, I thought, that if you did not mention it first I would not say a word on the subject; upon my soul I am placed in a most uncomfortable situation between you both; Charles writes in very bad spirits; he entreats me to be as much with you as possible, in order to keep off other attendants:—now a *spy* is a character which won't go down with me at all, and I shall write to tell him he has mistaken his man, if he thought it *would*."

"Hang me, if I do any thing towards encouraging his abominable jealousy; I rather think somebody has hinted to him, that you have no great dislike to Cosmo Bouverie, for he begs me not to take his brother Ned to your house with me any more, least Cosmo should get an introduction to your father by that means. He abuses Mrs. Harcourt and her yellow phiz'd husband, up hill and down dale.

He concludes with a report, that his regiment is going almost directly upon foreign service; from which he says he hopes he shall never return, if all he fears be true; he declares he will not write to you, unless I send him a favourable account of your sentiments towards him."

"Now, what am I to do? there is no sacrifice I would not make to render you a service, but pardon me my dear Susan, I cannot, if questioned by Woodville, be guilty of a falsehood. I can do any thing but *lie* for you. If I refuse his request we quarrel, and there is not a person in the world I love so much as Charles; he *is* jealous to be sure, but every body has faults—now don't stop me till I have said all I have to say, and then talk till you are tired—you shall have your *turn* I promise you. Now I do not see how I can borrow money in my *own* name without cheating some poor fellow or other—that

won't

won't do—If I die during my minority I have only a few thousands to dispose of—now the same objections do not make against you—you are near of age and will soon have yellow boys in plenty. But I'll promise, if you raise the money, when I *do* come of age, to pay what you now want."

"Nay, but Arthur———"

"Now do, pray hear me out! I have just done:—I have been scribbling out a Will. I have left one thousand to little Dick, for his, and the old woman's support—one to Charles, and a third to you, therefore you see if I die before I'm one and twenty, all's snug—the debt comes on yourself."

Checked by feelings too big for utterance, Lady Susan could only weep, and

press the hand of her liberal cousin, at length she fervently exclaimed.

"Ah! Arthur! that you, though so much younger, and blessed with such a lively temper, should be so much my superior in generosity, and every moral feeling that dignifies the human heart! I am more humbled by your kindness, than I could be by the most bitter reproaches from the oldest of my relatives. I am ashamed to think that I should appropriate to an unworthy purpose, that wealth, which you so well know how to apply to the noblest offices of humanity: yet, so cruelly am I now involved, that nothing but your kind interference can preserve me from the most open shame, or desparation: for however I consider myself injured and hurt by Charles's suspicions of *inconstancy*, I still think myself so totally undeserving of him, that nothing but the strong affection I bear him could make

make me renounce the project I had formed for him. Perhaps if I were to try my luck once more, fortune might grow weary of tormenting a poor wretched woman, and———"

Sir Arthur, whose levity of manners were subservient to good sense, and who, though he gave into the fashionable style of conversation of the youths of his day, could on occasion, *feel* as he *spoke*—with warmth and sensibility; was dreadfully shocked at this last speech of his cousins. He grasped her hand, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed.

" I am younger than you are—perhaps I should not say so much—but you know how I love you! For God's sake give up this foolish scheme! consider my dear, dear Susan! pray consider that if you lose much more money, it may be quite out of my power to help you! pro-

promise

mise me, for God's sake, do promise me that you will never suffer that *cursed* Mrs. Harcourt to tempt you again! consider poor Charles Woodville! consider your father! consider Arthur too, who would break his heart if any harm was to happen to you! promise me! promise me!

As he pronounced this pathetic appeal he wept so bitterly, that poor little Dick Ferguson, though unconscious of the cause, began to weep in childish sympathy. Lady Susan hid her face in her hands, and began to sob bitterly.

Sir Arthur melted at her distress, came up to her, and kissed away the tears as they fell, saying at the same time, and with the most soothing intonation.

" Come, come Susy—its too soon for you to *despond*—All's well that ends well, as the play says, and all shall end well, I warrant

warrant you; only keep a little while from that card playing woman. If you will come here to-morrow, I will get Mr. Stevens to meet you; he will lend you what money you want:—he is a distant relation of my good friend Mrs. Williams. I got acquainted with him by my going to see little Dick, at Hampstead. He had lodgings on the Heath last summer. A spruce son, an affected daughter, and a fat heavy wife, form my gentleman's domestic circle. *Miss* no sooner heard that dick was the protegé of a *Baronet*, than she thought proper to be very fond of him, and to be always ducking and curtseying in my way. The old buck finding I boarded with his cousin, took the liberty of desiring me to carry a letter to town for him; I told him my groom would take it, but that having a bad memory, I never carried letters or bundles myself. He seemed quite insensible to the impropriety of his request, but very coolly invited me to take

pot luck with him: so seeing he knew no better, I did—and would you believe it? Miss asked me to escort her to the *Pit* at the *Play*, to see the Forty Thieves;" saying, "That if we took the Hampstead Stage we should be in capital time for the half price." "I then found they were a sort of people who wo'nt take a hint. But as the old gentleman was always bothering about his wealth, and declaring that no man was *more free* to lend his money; a thought struck me, that he might be useful to you, more especially as he was always preaching *against unlawful Interest.* I therefore civilly declined the honour Miss intended me, by stating, that the Westminster hours would rob me of the *felicity* of waiting on her. Not in the least suspecting any shyness on my part, begged my company in Kensington Gardens the following Sunday, which I also got of by promising to dine with them:—Oh, what a Hoax! I was exhibited in the

the evening to all the Hampstead young ladies, when both mother and daughter gave me such a dose of my *title* that I came home heartily sick of—Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur—Sir Arthur—Sir Arthur.

"I will send to the pompous old fellow if you will promise to be *here*. I shall tell him I am confined by illness, or else he may stick Miss upon me again; and she would be worse company than the ear ache."

Lady Susan kissed his hand, and tenderly cried—"thank you! thank you a thousand times, dear Arthur! you have saved me from destruction; pray take every care of yourself; and be sure you follow all Mrs. Williams's prudent precautions; I do believe the good woman loves you as much as if you were her own child."

Her

Her Ladyship then renewed a thousand protestations of gratitude to her young cousin, and after covering little Dick with kisses took an affectionate leave and retired.

AND now gentle reader, we must beg leave to retire for a short time also, for after having come to the end of the First Volume, we feel ourselves a little fatigued; and if thou dost not find it so very, very dull! as to resolve not to go on with it, we shall be content, if it affords a few hours recreation, and does not injure one virtuous mind, or shock one modest eye; we may wince under the

lash of censure, but are fully prepaired to endure its smart with patience, and say with Pope:—

"Cursed be the line, however smooth it flow,
"That tends to make one honest man my foe,
"Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
"Or from the soft eyed virgin steals a tear."

End of the First Volume.